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NAUTICAL ODES,

OR

POETICAL SKETCHES,

DESIGNED TO

COMMEMORATE THE ACHIEVEMENTS

OF THE

BRITISH NAVY.

———— μεγάλων δ' ἀέθλων
Μῶισα μεμνᾶσθαι Φιλεῖ. PINDAR.

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DEDICATION.

TO THE

HONOURABLE GEORGE LORD VISCOUNT GARLIES,

CAPTAIN OF HIS MAJESTY'S SHIP HUSSAR.

My LORD,

DESCENDED from the House of DARNLEY, and allied to the ancient Dukes of LENNOX, under whose auspices, as Lords Admirals, a considerable portion of the British coast was long protected against the depredations of pirates, and the incursions of enemies, you have a kind of inherent right to a distinguished share in whatever concerns the fame and national honours acquired by the valour and intrepidity of the British Navy. Your gallant achievements, at a youthful period of life, have excited the admiration and secured the approbation of the best judges of naval merit, and given a pleasing presage of future eminence, and professional excellence. These uncultivated flowers, collected on maritime grounds (and intended to decorate the protectors of their country), may, under the shade of your rising merit, notwithstanding their perishable nature, have some

chance of escaping for a time the violent heat of prejudice, and the malignant blasts of criticism.

The enterprizes of our naval heroes, in the course of the present arduous contest, stand unrivalled. No one can contemplate, without astonishment, the magnitude of their services, or the splendour of their fame. It must be admitted that so much merit deserves crowns of honour; and, on such an occasion, it is not possible to be indifferent to the satisfaction of being permitted to form the chaplets. These triumphal wreaths may be formed without skill, and be composed of ill-chosen materials, but they will be regarded as of some value, if found to be honoured with your patronage, and designed to grace the brows of conquerors in the cause of Justice, of Religion, and Humanity; and if they confer no adequate reward on the gallant officers, whose splendid victories they are intended to celebrate, they afford some gratification to a heart that, in spite of all the agitation of political tempests, owns the magnetic influence of the love of its country, points invariably to the tried and venerable institutions of our pious and virtuous ancestors, and, amidst its alarms, for the public welfare, cannot but feel its obligations to the valorous and successful Commanders, who have repressed the audacity of the Enemy, and added to the safety of the State.

In the hour of danger, the most inconsiderate of the Ship's Company cannot remain long insensible of their perilous situation, nor ignorant of their obligations to those whose dexterity and whose

intrepidity extricate them from their distress, and preserve the vessel from destruction. If they be not incapable of reflection, they cannot remain long devoid of gratitude to their enterprizing Benefactors, nor to Heaven who blesses their benevolent efforts with success: and benefits so important and so forcibly felt, it is natural gratefully to own, and publicly to acknowledge.

Conscious of your private worth, and patriotic spirit, and of the sacrifices you have made for the defence of established order, and the good of your Country, a mind aware of the value, at this aweful period, of virtuous and disinterested examples in elevated stations, cannot but exult in an opportunity of giving this public testimony of esteem and regard, and of avowing with how much respect and attachment he feels himself to be,

My LORD,

Your Lordship's

Most obedient, and most

Faithful humble Servant,

THE AUTHOR.

ERRATA.

Page 37, line 17, *for* where's, *read* where.
43, 18, *for* and John, *read* and Sir John.
55, 6, Note, *for* Furcæ Caudin, *read* Furcæ Caudinæ.
92, 25, Note, *for* Teueri, *read* Teucri.
139, 17, *for* Swearing, *read* Sneering, &c.

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NAUTICAL ODES,

&c. &c.

A PINDARIC ODE

TO THE MEMORY OF

ADMIRAL LORD HAWKE.

ARGUMENT.

Description of the [a] *Grecian mode of singing the ancient ode, where the* Strophe *was sung as they moved round the altar one way, the* Antistrophe *as they returned the other, and the* Epode *while they stood still before the altar; the general subject of the ancient ode,* Gratitude, *to the Deity for the benefits bestowed on man. Propriety of appearing still grateful to heaven for the protection accorded us in the hour of danger, and the extraordinary talents bestowed on great men to answer the exigencies of the moment. Remarkable instance of this in Lord* HAWKE. *A short account of four of the most celebrated professional actions of his life. Gratitude. The thanks of his country delivered to him by the Speaker of the House of Commons. Lord* HAWKE'S *answer.*

STROPHE 1.

ALL in costly vests array'd,
Moving round the hallow'd shrine,
Of old the sacred bands were seen,
Chaunting, with august parade,
Praises to some pow'r divine
That patroniz'd the solemn scene;

[a] Vide Preface to West's Pindar.

Now their mellow notes subsiding
Full, majestic, slow, and deep;
Now on swift-wing'd numbers riding,
High, and great, the clouds they sweep;
While the vast temple's roofs around,
Melodiously return the sound.

ANTISTROPHE 1.

Now meas'ring with their sacred train,
The pleasing circle back again,
On the floor their feet rebounding,
True to ev'ry cadence beat;
While the vocal dome resounding,
Seems to feel each tuneful feat;
While the dulcet pipe is fill'd
By some master's artful breath,
And soft hands gently touch the lyre,
Sweet airs thro' the heart are thrill'd,
And of a hard, pleasing, death,
The hearer wond'ring seems t'expire.

EPODE 1.

" What is man, and what his worth?
" Creature of a transient hour!
" A flow'r that, as it blows, decays!
" Nouriſh'd, for a while, on earth,
" By a heav'nly unseen Pow'r,
" That guides and guards him all his days!
" Ungrateful worm, and shall his mouth
" Refuse the poor return of truth?

" Ev'n the birds of air delighted,
" Praise the pow'r that finds them food;
" And in grateful songs united
" Censure man in ev'ry wood."

STROPHE 2.

Such in awful fanes of old
Were the numbers that were heard,
As Gratitude inspir'd the lay;
When rapt Bards sublime and bold
Pictur'd truth as it appear'd,
Nor fear'd the scoffer of the day,
On the viper sophist treading,
Whose cold nature seems to hate
Pow'rs that blessings round them spreading
Man's soul love to elevate,
And bid it relish here below
The pleasures that the blest must know.

ANTISTROPHE 2.

And such should still our conduct prove,
E'er grateful to that Pow'r above,
That when kindl'd by our vices,
War's fires rage with all their force,
Sends us warriors with devices,
And with hearts to stop their course,
Such as gallant HAWKE design'd,
(Spite of parties that deform
Our realm) all our foes' pride to low'r;
Who, when they appear'd, the wind
Ne'er quarrell'd with, nor the storm,
Nor fear'd an enemy's *lee shore.*

EPODE 2.

But the troubl'd ocean o'er,
Like a meteor through the air,
He shone where'er a foe appear'd;
Rushing with resistless pow'r,
Quick, and ardent, bright, and fair,
He made all tremble where he steer'd;
E'en [b] LESTOCK's dark line with his rays
Illumining in early days;
And *d'Etendiere's* squadron hailing,
As Columbia's isles they sought,
HAWKE with his fire spoil'd their sailing,
While his light brought most to port.

STROPHE 3.

Now his glaring light he shed,
Where the foe in *Basque* roads lay,
Full of some treach'rous dark design,
Seiz'd with paralizing dread,
At the sight they scour'd away,
As fiends retire from forms divine;
And when *Conflans* seem'd preparing
Legions England's realm t' enslave,
HAWKE, shoals, rocks, and tempests daring
Came, and whelm'd them in the wave;
While some, to mock th' invader's boast,
He brought, as captives, to our coast.

ANTISTROPHE 3.

The British Senate, grateful, cried,
" Our thanks such services betide,

[b] Vide Collins's Peerage, vol. viii. p. 319, &c.

" You returning [c] home victorious,
" Find your countrymen applaud
" All your actions great and glorious,
" That their vaunting foes o'er aw'd,
" Foes that our destruction sought,
" You in dreadful storms subdu'd,
" And terror thro' their harbours spread;
" Now the realm (to safety brought
" By the bright paths you pursu'd)
" Pours heart-born honours on your head."

EPODE 3.

Sweetest incense, thanks, aspire
From the heart, their shrine, to heav'n,
And to the virtuous and the good,
Tho' they no return desire
For the good things done or giv'n,
Sweet is the voice of gratitude;
And so felt brave HAWKE, valour's child,
And thus replied in accents mild:
" I my king and country loving,
" Claim no thanks for duties due;
" Yet I feel, in your approving,
" Honours lasting, great, and true."

[c] Vide Smollett's History of England.

ODE II.

IN MEMORY OF LORD RODNEY's ACTION

WITH THE

SPANISH ADMIRAL, DON JUAN DE LANGARA,

During a Storm, on the Night of the 14th of January, 1779, when, out of eleven Spanish Ships of the Line, four were taken, two were lost by tempestuous Weather, and one blew up during the Engagement; the other four escaped to Cadiz in a very shattered Condition.

I.

DARK is the night, and rough the storm,
And rough the troubled seas appear;
While to the skies, which clouds deform,
Their heads the foaming surges rear;
But neither waves, nor winds that sweep,
The surgy surface of the deep;
Nor night, to the Spaniſh bands appear
So awful as the voice they hear.

II.

'Tis RODNEY, hailing thro' the gloom
That bids submit their timid bands,
And least delay should change their doom,
A broadside seconds his commands;
Some panic-struck, attempt to fly,
Some chuse by rocks, or waves, to die;
Some would thro' ev'ry peril pass,
Rather than fearless RODNEY face.

III.

Full on the shore the billows break,
Where huge rocks roughen all the coast,
Here many a ship, a shapeless wreck,
Beats, by the madd'ning tempest tost;
No more the helm the pilot guides,
Authority no more presides,
The crews try wildly to retire
From the storm's rage, and RODNEY's fire.

IV.

Loud the waves roar, the winds are loud,
Loud are the seamen's cries, and shrill,
The thunder's loud that bursts the cloud,
But RODNEY's thunder's louder still;
Some with faint hearts as duty calls,
Try for a while to face his balls,
But soon resistance proves in vain,
Who can face Britons on the main?

V.

'Tis now a dismal silence all,
As if the foes his fire dislike;
While RODNEY's loudly heard to call,
"Why this dull silence, do ye strike?"[d]

[d] The night being dark, it was impossible to see whether they had struck their flag; but the English fleet being close to the Spanish, an officer, on finding the Spaniards had ceased firing, asked them whether they had struck? when a feeble voice from the shrouds answered—"Yes, mercy on us, we poor Spaniards have "struck."

Shrill from the ſhrouds a feeble cry,
Trembling attempts a faint reply,
" Yes, mercy on our wayward luck,
" We poor trounc'd Spaniards long have struck."

VI.

The day appears, the Spaniſh shore,
That witneſs'd many a British feat,
Sees its proud squadron now no more,
Or sees it captur'd, maul'd, and beat,
And shudders at th' events of night,
The havock of the storm and fight;
But storms and RODNEY's ire are o'er,
And shipwreck'd Spaniards reach the shore;

VII.

They paint the horrors of the night,
How the storm rag'd, how dark the ſkies,
How fierce the English are in fight,
How light'ning flash'd from RODNEY's eyes;
Then as he ſails along they show
Four of their captur'd fleet in tow;
And swear his absence cheaply bought,
Tho' ALL had his protection sought.

ODE III.

ON RODNEY's VICTORY,

APRIL 12, 1779.

I. 1.

OBLIVION, thy wide wasting surge,
Sweeping all objects from the earth,
To Lethe's stream shall never urge
The mem'ry of the brave's acknowledg'd worth;
On some event that grac'd the life
Of the prais'd hero in the martial strife,
The Muſe shall seize with happy rage,
Shall snatch it from thy wasteful wave,
And bid her numbers teach a future age,
To venerate the brave;
Valour, the fond poetic theme,
Shall never on Oblivion's stream
Be doom'd to float, while to the skies
The Muse on soaring wings can rise.

I. 2.

For ev'n the merits of a foe,
Preserv'd by her impartial fire,
Shall live, as nations Turnus know,
While his worth's chaunted to the Mantuan lyre—
Britons, 'twas excellently done
With hospitality, misfortune's son
To feaſt and mitigate his woes,
What tho' subdu'd and captur'd he!
Enlighten'd spirits know to succour foes
And feel their destiny.

The brave demand the brave's esteem,
The gen'rous for the gen'rous plead,
The bold, their bold opponents deem
Worthy of hospitable aid.

I. 3.

Unjustly censur'd by thy friends,
By thy own countrymen abus'd,
Thy foe, DE GRASSE, thy worth commends,
And owns the martial arts thy prudence us'd,
Two of thy ships[e] in danger seen,
Their consorts bravely intervene
To save them from th' assailants' fire,
The hostile ships oppos'd to these
Charge thy whole squadron by degrees,
Thy skill and care thy foes admire,
For as the tide of battle swells,
And as the varying torrent flows,
Thy valour, thy rous'd spirit tells,
Thy skilfulness thy conduct shows.

II. 1.

But tho' thy foes thy valour own,
Could it e'er equal RODNEY's might?
Hector as well, tho' dauntless known,
Might to the combat PELEUS' son invite;
Still noble deeds the contest grac'd,
Close to thy matchless adversary plac'd,

e The engagement was brought on by Lord Rodney's sending two of his ships to engage the enemy's disabled ships; the French Admiral sent others to protect them, and thus brought on a general action. *Vide Collins's Peerage, Article*, Rodney, *Annual Register for the Year* 1779, *&c.*

Thou unsupported, and alone,
His fiery deluges didst bear
From morn to eve beneath the torrid zone,
While mountains shook with fear
To hear the thunder of that day,
When sunken rocks withdrew with dread,
And Ocean trembling at the fray,
In caverns sought to hide its head.

II. 2.

Full fourscore seasons had he brav'd
The summer's heat, the winter's cold,
And, while his warlike hand he wav'd,
A thund'ring blow for ev'ry year he told,
And blow for blow for ev'ry year,
Thou didst return, or resolutely bear,
Till he collecting all his force
The eightieth thund'ring charge to fire,
(Thy strength enfeebled in the battle's course,)
Thou could'st no more respire,
But by superior prowess press'd
Thy heart soon felt a captive's fate,
While thy successful foe confess'd
Thee skilful, valorous, and great.

II. 3.

In open fight, in honour's cause,
To vanquish brave and skilful foes,
Must gain well merited applause,
And crown with lasting wreaths the victor's brows;
Such honours RODNEY'S conquest gain,
While captur'd squadrons swell his train

The ship that, PARIS, bore thy name,[f]
Itself a mount, it's crew a host,
The Gallic navy's frequent boast,
And now the conqu'ror's well earn'd claim,
The ships whose names to mind recall
The [g]champion of the golden fleece,
The [h]Romans' boast before their fall,
And [i]Hector, once the dread of Greece.

III. 1.

And many a captur'd ship beside
Increas'd the triumph of the day,
And serv'd to lessen Gallia's pride,
And RODNEY's martial merit to display,
While some to [k]ocean's caverns bore
Marks of their fear, and his resistless pow'r,
And some disabl'd from the fight
Retir'd in terror and dismay
To hide their baffl'd barks from RODNEY's sight
In some well shelter'd bay.
But HOOD these fugitives pursues,
And some he readily subdues,
And some he leaves to Gaul to steer,
The tidings of the day to bear.

III. 2.

The chiefs and ministers they chuse,
Wise captains shew, and prudent kings,
While as fair Fame their deeds pursues,
The world with shouts of acclamation rings,

[f] Ville de Paris. [g] Jason. [h] Le Caton, Le Cæsar. [i] Le Hector.
[k] L'Ardent, &c. sunk.

Thus chiefs in RODNEY's line were found,
Whose matchless deeds thro' all the world resound,
HOOD, whose brave conduct once derang'd,
(Although his combatants were few)
The foe's whole fleet, their destination chang'd,
And frustrated their view,
AFFLECK, whose firmness, and whose skill,
Is oft the seaman's wonder still,
And DRAKE, whose ancestor of old,
Made all Spain tremble for her gold.

III. 3.

But what can victory avail
Where Heav'n no gratitude receives?
The victor's flatt'ring prospects fail,
The promis'd fruit his hope deceives,
The tow'ring ships that from the foe,
Triumphant RODNEY took in tow,
Awhile his ostentations boast,
He homeward sends his deeds to show,
But while the liquid plain they plough,
Tempests arise [1] and all are lost;
And the brave men who shar'd the fight,
Are in the dear bought prizes drown'd;
Unthinking man, how vain thy might!
Unless with Heav'n's protection crown'd.

[1] The Ville de Paris, and several of the prizes, were lost in a huricane in the course of their voyage to England; and the brave British seamen who were on board of them, and who had assisted in taking them, perished in them.

ODE IV.

TO THE MEMORY OF

ADMIRAL LORD RODNEY.

I.

A Tow'ring mountain tipp'd with snow,
Slowly moves o'er the grumbling waves,
It's broad base loads the deep below,
The ſkies it's lofty summit cleaves,
It's ample ſhade embrowns the main,
And winter's snow, and summer's rain,
And hail, and mist, and drizzling dews
Congeal and swell it's awful form,
The mariner with terror views
It's bright parts glist'ning in a ſtorm,
And dreads a lee-shore, while the tides
Rise with vast force, and thunder from it's sides.

II.

Not with less terror England's foes,
View'd RODNEY riding o'er the main,
His ag'd head silver'd o'er with snows,
And beat by many a ſtorm in vain;
For well found fleets when he appear'd,
As if they certain shipwreck fear'd,
Would bear away in haſte, and dread
To come in contact with a foe
At sea like an old ice-hill bred,
Whose years but bade his force to grow,

And who, matur'd by age, would sweep
Whole squadrons from the surface of the deep.

III.

COLUMBIA, graceless, rais'd her hand
Against her parent's fost'ring pow'r,
When weaker councils rul'd the land,
In dim ey'd age's doating hour,
Ungrateful FRANCE, th' ungrateful aids,
And ocean with her squadron shades,
IBERIA fans her bigot flame,
And slow BATAVIA led by gain
Conspires to crush the British name,
And clear from British fleets the main;
But their united squadrons fled,
When RODNEY frown'd and ſhook his hoary head.

IV.

COLUMBIA heard her torrid isles
Re-echo RODNEY's well-known name,
When Gallia found that all her wiles,
Serv'd but to swell his envied fame,
While Afric's sable coast might tell
How vain IBERIA's squadron fell;
Justice, how awful is thy reign?
Gallia by parricidal hands
Was torn, while HOLLAND bled and SPAIN
And the world scourg'd at Heav'n's commands
Own'd the sea safe through RODNEY's pow'r,
While factious traitors ruin'd all on shore.

V.

But how precarious is the fame,
Mortals by all their toils acquire!
What notice ice-form'd iſlands claim,
First seen! but soon their pow'rs expire,
And all their beauties fade away,
When shewn the sun's more southern ray,
And Time that domes destroys and tow'rs,
And levels cities with the ground,
May in a few short fleeting hours,
Bid RODNEY's fame be no where found;
Unless the Muse's patriot aim,
Cast everlasting lustre round his name.

VI.

But ah! how vain the glorious views,
Of th' heart that for it's country bleeds!
How vain the labours of the Muse!
How vain the hero's gallant deeds!
The world oft changes, and it's praise
Is only well-mask'd Satire's lays,
And soon the world itself shall know,
Justice's retributing hand,
When wrapt in flames the globe shall glow,
And systems fall at her command,
While Piety and Virtue's names,
Shall ever live, cleans'd by the purging flames.

ODE V.

ARGUMENT.

The French National Assembly having resolved, "That no quarter should be given "to the English; and, that every British ship's company, which their cruizers "met with, should be put to death, and thrown into the sea." Several armed vessels sailed from the ports of France, to put the National decree into Execution. The enterprize was attended with some difficulty; for those rough islanders would not tamely suffer themselves to be massacred; and in the course of their exertions in their own defence, they took several thousands of their enemies prisoners. They disdained to retaliate upon them, but carried them to England, where they were well lodged, and liberally fed. Exasperated at the triumphs of British gallantry and humanity, the friends of the French encouraged some unprincipled party writers to propagate malicious reports of the hardships and cruelties endured by the citizens of France, in British prisons. The complaint occasioned an investigation of the subject; it was carried on at Liverpool, and other places, by some of the most respectable characters in the kingdom, and it was completely proved that no prisoners of war had ever been treated with greater liberality, or had met with more humane attention; and that the poor writers, who under such circumstances could be induced to spread reports of the hardships endured by French prisoners, must have been as destitute of principles as they were devoid of talents, and in some danger of being reduced to difficulties themselves. The ode is supposed to have been written by a French citizen in an English prison, and addressed to the Ministers in the Marine department at Paris.

I.

MORE laurels, Citizens, to gain,
We boldly ventur'd on the main,
Empow'rd by your decree
All English mariners we saw
To slay, agreeable to law,
Or throw them to the sea.

II.

The first ship's company we found,
We told them they must all be drown'd,
Or kill'd, as best might fit us;
Then valiantly began, of course,
To put your just decree in force,
But they would not permit us.

III.

For flying to their arms, like mad,
These inconsid'rate fellows had
The face to make resistance;
And soon as e'er we fir'd a gun,
They all appear'd to like the fun,
And would not keep their distance,

IV.

But with loud cheers they came so close,
And pour'd in such a pow'rful dose
Of shot, both barr'd and round;
That our poor ship look'd like a sieve,
And we were tempted to believe,
We should be kill'd or drown'd.

V.

Perceiving, Citizens, at length,
You had not furnish'd us with strength
To execute your laws;
And they their doses pouring still,
We judg'd it (much against our will)
Best to give up the cause.

VI.

And so, we, in our wisdom thought
Our vessels homeward to have brought,
But they would not allow us;
For they their boats prepar'd to man,
And, spite of all our threats, began
To their own ports to tow us;

VII.

Arriv'd, they would not drown nor kill us,
But tried with those good things to fill us,
Of which we 'd no conception:
For visitors, as Europe knows,
Whether they 're pris'ners, friends, or foes,
Have here a warm reception.

VIII.

While huge sirloins of fat roast beef,
Profusely brought for our relief,
We at our ease were carving;
Asham'd such treatment to receive,
We tried to make the world believe
We were in dungeons starving.

IX.

These well-design'd reports to spread
We made hir'd writers take the lead,
But they turn'd out such elves;
That their strange tales of our distress
Serv'd but to make their readers guess,
The rogues might starve themselves.

ODE VI.

ARGUMENT.

Captain Ougur, *of the* Revenge Privateer, *having attempted to cut out a vessel from a Spanish port, he and his boat's crew were driven on shore, in tempestuous weather, and made prisoners; he, however, effected his escape, got to Oporto, and joined the* Revenge. *Three Spanish privateers were fitted out to take him; he engaged one of them, which caught fire in action and blew up; the fate of the first, put the other two to flight. The* Revenge *now ranged along the Spanish coast uncontrouled, and took several valuable prizes, a list of which is given in the* Naval Magazine, No. xv. p. 43, &c.

I.

COURAGE, like love, will have its course,
'Tis hard to conquer it by force,
And harder still to chain it;
For having been inur'd to wars,
It laughs at doors, and bolts, and bars—
What prisons can restrain it?

II.

Thus tho' Iberia's sons turn'd jailers,
To guard imprison'd British sailors,
They soon contriv'd to foil them;
And getting out to sea again,
Of all their shipping scour'd the main,
Trying to take or spoil them.

III.

Three pow'rful ships the Dons equip,
To sweep these rovers from the deep,
Or ask for satisfaction.
The first ship challenges her foes,
But with her soon the English close
And blow her up in action.

IV.

The other two soon shew their rear,
Each seeming, by her haste, to fear,
The English would be at her;
Tho' each seem'd large enough, alone,
To run the English vessel down,
Or blow her out of water.

V.

But, dear Dons, fret not at the sight,
Have not you seen your bulls in fight,
When a fine bull-dog bangs one;
How th' others snort, and trot away,
Lest having won, o'er one, the day,
He them might fix his fangs on?

VI.

Now the brave Britons rule the roast,
Range all along the Spanish coast,
With Ougur at their head;
Spain's men of war at pleasure rake,
And all their prizes from them take,
And terror round them spread.

VII.

What's to be done, in such a case,
When you have, from a daring race,
A wound, and none can cure it?
The same thing must be done again,
That's said, was often done in Spain,
What's that? why—to endure it.

ODE VII.

ON EARL HOWE's ENGAGEMENT,

June 1, 1794.

ARGUMENT.

The English fleet, consisting of twenty-five ships of the line, was partially engaged, for two days, with the French fleet of twenty-six ships of the line. The third day, the English admiral, in the Queen Charlotte, *broke through the enemy's line in a superior style, and was followed by most of the fleet. As all the energy of the Republic had been exerted to equip the French fleet, this memorable victory is surpassed by none that had hitherto been recorded in the British annals. But this celebrated victory is so well known that it needs no description, and so brilliant that it requires no encomium.*

I. 1.

SHORT is the life of man, and short the date
Of all the Fame by gen'rous bravery won,
A thousand ills promote the views of fate,
And shorten life ere it is well begun;
The random ball in early years,
Extinguishes the hop'd-for joy
Of many a well-born val'rous boy,
And calls forth all his mother's tears;
And fortune oft deserts the brave,
Bids one disastrous error blot
The fame by years of labour got,
And sinks the censured warrior to the grave;
While his name's lost, or nothing but the Muse can save.

[m] His Majesty has been pleased to order, that a gold medal and chain should be presented to each of the flag officers, and a gold medal to each of the captains, reported by Earl Howe to have particularly signalized themselves in the engagement. Vide *Steele's List of the Royal Navy, &c.*—One of the French officers taken prisoner observed, that no seamen in the world had displayed more courage than the French sailors had shewn that day,—"Except, I suppose (replied a British officer) the seamen "who conquered them."

I. 2.

Thrice happy HOWE's increasing years beheld,
His well-acquir'd fame increase as fast,
His life's late hours no gloomy shadows yield,
His sun shines out resplendent to the last;
While fortune smiles on all his days,
Bids what his youth had toil'd to sow
To a luxuriant harvest grow
And glad his age with heart-felt praise;
Fortune? 'tis Providence that tries,
Immortal spirits here on earth,
By deeds that serve to shew their worth;
Then, when mature, exalts them to the skies,
While heav'n-taught songs their triumphs eternize.

I. 3.

Triumphs of mortal men!!! a Sovereign Hand
Their progress checks, or guides to nobler ends,
They are but arms to pierce a guilty land,
To humble vice, or succour virtue's friends;
When Gallia reek'd with royal gore,
And vow'd that Britain's sons should bleed,
Who dar'd to blame her murd'rous deed,
And scorn rebellion's ill-gain'd pow'r,
When now she bade her navy steer
To Albion's coast, and spare no age,
But satiate her vindictive rage
On all that seem'd to loyal Britons dear;
Kind heav'n taught HOWE to arm, and stop her bold career.

II. 1.

Two summer suns behold his noble deeds,
And the wild efforts of his daring foes,
While many a youth, and many a vet'ran bleeds,
To either side the source of boundless woes;
The third sun 's hardly seen to shine
Ere his brave ship to end the fray,
To conquest nobly leads the way,
And thunders thro' the hostile line;
Gallia's stunn'd warriors stand aghast!
Nor hear their leaders' vain commands,
Nor feel their disciplining hands,
But eye their shiver'd yards, their falling mast,
And the huge wrecks HOWE's fire deals round at ev'ry blast!

II. 2.

Where thro' the line the thund'ring hero leads,
Ships urge on ships, and press the breach to gain,
Billows on billows thus thro' leaks succeed,
And plunge the found'ring vessel in the main;
Not more tremendous peals resound
When thunder storms from heav'n descend,
And ocean's deepest caverns rend,
And shake th' astonish'd world around;
Not more in vain the sailor's art,
When hurricanes resistless sweep
From the earth's heart the troubled deep,
While oft whole planks, as seas burst o'er them, start,
And at each roll the ship asunder seems to part.

II. 3.

Ambition promising unconquer'd crowns,
But pale with dread at mad Sedition's ways;
Smooth Flattery, and Anger, rough with frowns,
And sly Deceit, still prodigal of praise,
And Infidelity half blind,
Barbarity with blood-stain'd hands,
Stiff Pride abundant in commands,
And Folly fickle as the wind,
Conceit with looks of deep disdain,
Fierce Anarchy, and Riot wild,
And Sophism murderously mild,
In form like leaders of the Gallic train,
Try to urge on their palsied crews, but try in vain.

III 1.

In matchless order how those clouds advance,
Tremendous scene! who can its terrors bear?
Athwart the gloom what frequent flashes glance,
How deeply British thunder wounds the ear!
How loud its repercussive roar!
Volcanos no such masses throw,
Nor, with a fire so wasteful glow,
Who can withstand its pow'r?
What desolation marks its way,
With wrecks the waves are cover'd o'er,
And stain'd with streams of Gallic gore,
Earth trembles, as if shudd'ring at the fray,
While vast dense sheets of smoke involve the face of day.

III. 2.

Gallia, is all thy boasted wisdom fled,
All thy skill vanish'd, all thy brav'ry gone?
Where's the clear light thy wise reformers shed?
Where the fine theories thy Sophists spun?
Can nothing bear thy ships away,
Or save them from the deathful show'rs,
That oak-ribb'd fleet profusely pours;
Or shew thro' British fire the way?
Two tow'ring vessels disappear,
The third a wreck, and found'ring lies,
How the crews' loud shrieks pierce the skies!
But Britons pity, tho' they do not fear,
They spare their fallen foes, and to their succour steer.

III. 3.

Old England hastes her valiant sons to meet,
Prepares the laurel for triumphant HOWE;
And sees with transport her returning fleet,
With seven proud vessels of the foe in tow.
What joy, like quick electric fire,
Is spread around from breast to breast!
While some indulge the sprightly jest,
And some the ear with long tales tire,
And some with loud shouts rend the air,
While bells in jovial peals ring round,
And pipes, and drums, and guns resound;
And ev'ry window blazes, and the fair,
With kind looks, glad the brave for all the toils of war.

ODE VIII.

TO THE MEMORY OF

CAPTAIN R. FAULKNOR,

OF THE *BLANCHE* Frigate, of 32 Guns,

Who was killed, January 6, 1795, *in an Action, in the* West Indies, *with the* La Pique, *of* 38 *Guns, while he was lashing the Enemy's Bowsprit to his Mast. The Enemy's Ship was afterwards taken by his Ship's Company.*

I.

WHY weeps the Muse, why those round tears,
That, falling, lave her heaving breast?
Can sad tales wound celestial ears?
Can pity ruffle heav'nly rest?
Can sympathy for mortal woes,
Damp th' immortal fire that glows
To feed the blaze of peerless bliss,
In those bright worlds where no event 's amiss?

II.

See on the deck where FAULKNOR lies,
FAULKNOR the friendly and the brave,
Who ne'er despis'd affliction's cries,
Nor fear'd a foe, or stormy wave;
Whose hand, (devoted to his Friend
Or to assist, or to defend)
Acted but as his heart or eyes
Or felt, or pictur'd sacred honour's ties.

III.

That once lov'd visage wan and pale,
And stiff and cold those once prompt hands,
And deaf those ears that Pity's tale
Found never deaf to her commands;
Those eyes that wept at others' woe,
Now bidding others' sorrows flow;
And the warm heart, once honour's host,
Now hard in death, and all its feelings lost!

IV.

Around with folded hands the crew
Look their ineffable distress,
And grieve that he no more can view
Their skill in fight, or their [n] success;
He but a few short moments past,
Lash'd the foe's bowsprit to the mast;
And bade a much superior force,
Or strike, or wait the tide of battle's course.

[n] The two vessels having separated towards the close of the action, and the boats of the *Blanche* being shot to pieces, DAVID MILNE, the second lieutenant, it is said, jumped into the sea, and, with his cutlass in his mouth, swam to take possession of the *La Pique*; his example was followed by ten British sailors, and they brought her to port. Every man on board the *Blanche*, in this action, proved himself a hero. Such acts of valour in Greek or Roman story would have been long admired, and deservedly celebrated. DAVID, now Captain, MILNE, has nobly observed the hint:

" —— Servetur ad imum
" Qualis ab incepto." HOR.

He has since, *August* 22, 1800, in the *Seine*, of 42 guns, taken a French ship, the *Vengeance*, of 52 guns, an action not inferior to the gallant exploit of the *Blanche*, with the pleasing difference, that the brave Captain survived the engagement.

V.

The foe's ball pierc'd his manly breast,
Just as his ship's crew gain'd the day,
Much were their honest hearts distress'd,
That Victory so long should stay,
" For had she us'd more speed," they cried,
" She had been here before he died."
But let his fall cause no alarms,
For Vict'ry receiv'd him in her arms!

VI.

Short is the voyage of our lives,
And if the trip be worth the pains;
That vessel most advantage gives,
That first the destin'd harbour gains;
And here where worth is oft distress'd,
°He 's the best man whose life 's the best;
And who, when heav'n demands his breath,
Obeys, and dies an honourable death.

° Quam bene vivas, non quam diu, refert. SENEC. Epist. 101.

" Enlarge my life with multitude of days,
" In health, in sickness, thus the suppliant prays;
" Hides from himself his state, and shuns to know,
" That life protracted, is protracted woe." JOHNSON.

ODE IX.

ADMIRAL LORD HOTHAM's ACTION

WITH THE

FRENCH FLEET OFF GENOA,

March 14, 1795.

Force of the French, sixteen Ships of the Line; Force of the English, fifteen.

The English Admiral, with great Skill and Bravery, broke through their Line, took two Ships, the Ca ira *of* 80 *Guns, and the* Censeur *of* 74 *Guns, and obliged the Rest of their Fleet, in a very shattered Condition, to seek for Shelter in their own Harbours.*

I.

HOTHAM, accept the tributary lay,
Due to that valour and consummate art
That bade Gaul's squadron, baffl'd, bear away,
Glad with diminish'd numbers to depart,
Glad, borne by the fav'ring wind,
Along the surge's trackless path,
In some contiguous port to find
A shelter from the tempest of thy wrath;
And as a sacrifice to leave,
On the sea's undulated shrine
T' appease the Pow'r that rules the wave,
Two of the bravest warriors in its line.

II.

And Gaul her baffl'd squadron happy deem'd,
That thus escap'd thy desolating ire,
And her remaining floating forts redeem'd,
For such a ransom, from thy wasteful fire,
[p] Wrapt in fierce flames the victim falls
And dark and terrible, as night,
The smoke ascends, and Pity calls
In vain for aid, and sickens at the sight;
And Gaul thus hopes the wrath appeas'd
That round brave hearts like light'ning glows,
And Britons bears, with furor seiz'd,
Like thunder on their dissipated foes.

III.

But rough as thunder in the storm of fight
Tho' Britain's naval combatants appear,
Gentle and brilliant as celestial light,
They prove when enemies confess their fear,
When vanquish'd hosts their arms resign,
Then ev'ry gen'rous art is tried
To soothe the chieftains that repine
At the sad change of Fortune's varying tide;
Then the dread arm that grasps the spear
Strives to relieve the wounded foe,
Or gently wipes the falling tear
That tells the hapless widow'd ſtranger's woe.

[p] The *Ca ira* was burnt after she was brought to an English harbour.

IV.

HOTHAM, to thee the [q] Gallic chief resigns
His sword, while anguish o'er his frame 's diffus'd,
Th' unwilling gift thy gen'rous heart declines,
And bids him wear what he had nobly us'd;
Surpriz'd, the shining gift he shews,
And while his eyes with ſorrow weep,
Admits his own troops felt its uſe,
Gaul's fear-ſtruck warriors to their arms to keep,
And then how Britons to their guns
Are made to ſtand, he fain would aſk,
"That 's joy," 'tis ſaid, "to Britain's ſons,
"To drive *them* from them were the arduous taſk."

[q] "When the ſurviving firſt officer of a line of battle ſhip, taken in an action between "the French fleet in the *Mediterranean*, and the British fleet under Admiral HOTHAM, "had, ſome days afterwards, his ſword returned to him, he congratulated himſelf upon "receiving it, and at the ſame time obſerved, that he had been obliged to thruſt that "ſword through the bodies of ſeveral of his ſeamen, to make the remainder ſtand to "their guns: he, at the ſame time, aſked the firſt lieutenant of the Admiral's ſhip, "on board of which the Frenchman was priſoner, how the Engliſh officers contrived "to keep their men to their guns?"—"We have no neceſſity to keep them to their "guns, (replied the lieutenant), for the d—l himſelf could not drive them from them."—*Naval Chronicle*, No. xxii. p. 228.

ODE X.

ON LORD BRIDPORT's ACTION

WITH THE

FRENCH FLEET OFF L'ORIENT,

June 23, 1795,

When the British Admiral gave Chace instead of losing Time in forming his Line, and, though the Enemy were superior in Numbers, took three of their line of battle Ships. Professional Men speak highly of the Spirit and naval Knowledge he discovered on that Occasion[r].

I.

WHEN Gallia's vanquish'd squadron own'd
HOTHAM's known skill and naval pow'r,
Throwing her pond'rous ruins round,
When the tow'ring ship that bore
[s]Alcide's name, in thunder lost,
Shook all Gallia's southern coast,
Her northern shore with terror shook
At BRIDPORT's warlike presence struck.

[r] One of the ships in the enemy's rear caught fire three times, but the flames were extinguished, and she was taken possession of by the officers of one of the ships in Lord BRIDPORT's fleet.

[s] *L'Alcide*, a French seventy-four gun ship, struck to Admiral Lord HOTHAM's fleet, in the summer of 1795, in the *Mediterranean*, but blew up before she could be taken possession of. Only three hundred of her crew were saved.

II.

Soon as the Gallic fleet appear'd,
BRIDPORT, impatient for the chace,
Gaily his fleet pursuers cheer'd,
And bade them course the timid race,
Keenly they urge the flying game
Their rear with its own speed on flame
Is thrice observ'd, and thrice the fire
Abates, as valour's pow'rs respire.

III.

Terror, with madd'ning looks and wild,
And pale and paraliz'd Dismay;
Temerity, Despair's weak child,
And Rout in horrid disarray,
Among the flying fleet are seen,
Troubling still more the troubl'd scene,
And rend'ring, as their arts they us'd,
Confusion's self still more confus'd.

IV.

But the pursuers' skill and speed,
No art, no swiftness, can elude,
Beneath their force the hindmost bleed
Of the scar'd quarry they pursu'd;
Three bulky captives crown the chace,
The rest of the tumultuous race,
In holes along their native shore,
Shake at the British thunder's roar.

ODE XI.

The Subject of the mixed Elegiac Kind;

The Character and Death of

MR. ARCHIBALD K. STEWART,[t]

Son of the late Honorable Admiral KEITH STEWART.

MYSTERIOUS Heav'n! what is man?
What is life? how short a span!
What are infants? flow'rs that grow!
And then die before they blow;
What is youth! tho' fair and gay,
Porcelain, or painted clay,
Source of pride to-day, to-morrow
Source of grief, and heart-felt sorrow.
Now by ev'ry eye admir'd,
Now its fancied charms expir'd,
Clay once more, deform'd and plain,
Mixing with the earth again.
ARCHIBALD, in youthful days,
How thy form excited praise!
How the tongue of Complaisance
Tried each excellence t' enhance;
Hid within thy wat'ry tomb,
Flattery itself is dumb.

[t] He was a youth of great perſonal beauty and uncommon merit (for his years), and was Midshipman on board of his Majesty's ship the Queen. Letting himself down over the ship's side, from curiosity, to observe how the carpenters ſtopped the shot-holes after the action of the 23d of June, 1795, he missed his hold, and was drowned, to the great regret of all who knew him. He had hardly attained to his twelfth year. See an account of Lord Bridport's victory, and of this fatal accident, in the *Naval Chronicle*.

Then how charm'd each friend appear'd,
And what civil things were heard:
" Dark his eye, and light his hair,
" Red his youthful cheek and fair,
" While his mild but manly face,
" Spoke him of the Stewart race;
" And the fire his looks express'd,
" Told the valour of his breast;
" Valour that must show the fire,
" Found so brilliant in his sire,
" Better fruit his mind could shew,
" Than in riper judgements grew,
" Then his form, what grace and ease!
" How, in due time, it must please;
" Ripe, that fruit may well delight,
" Now, so pleasing to the sight."
Such the praises heard in youth,
Such the song in every mouth,
Death, or fell Misfortune's force,
Changes soon this tone, of course,
And no wonder, when we find
Parents bear them not in mind;
Their love growing, (such their way),
Colder than their children's clay.
He, regretted youth, had prov'd,
How the din of arms he lov'd;
He the battle's rage had seen,
And had fac'd with dauntless mien,
And had giv'n observing eyes
Proofs (that struck them with surprize,)

Of fire, and contempt of fears,
And of gifts beyond his years;
He had seen old warriors fall,
Yet had 'scap'd the flying ball:
  Thus while light'ning with its strokes,
  Rifts and fells the tallest oaks,
  In their shade a flow'r below
  Lives, nor seems the storm to know.
Now escap'd the martial strife,
Fair the promises of life!
Blest with youthful spirits, now
Years of pleasure he may know:
Blinded mortals! Death's a guest
Wont to call when thought of least.
  Now the battle o'er, 'tis found
Fit to probe each naval wound,
Where's the foe's balls near the flood,
Had transpierc'd the floating wood,
Fam'd professors try their art,
And immediate aid impart,
To the wounded parts apply
Prompt and proper remedy.
Curious youth, these arts to see,
(Thoughtless of his destiny,)
He clings to the vessel's side,
Pendant o'er the surgy tide,
Stoops to view the works below,
And the process toils to know,
When his footing fails, and prone
On the foaming flood he's thrown,

Where he, as the surges sever,
Sinks, and disappears for ever.
Thus, in air, a meteor glows,
Ev'ry moment brighter grows,
Promising a glorious day,
But at once it wings its way,
Falls in ocean, and expires,
Robb'd for ever of its fires.
Lovely youth, how sad thy lot,
Sav'd from battle's ruthless shot,
Sav'd where honours could be won,
Soon to find thy setting sun
Shorn by surges of its rays,
And close glory-less thy days.
Thus in early spring a flow'r,
Growing fairer every hour,
Promising, should it remain,
T' outshine all the flow'ry train,
While it 'scapes the thunder storm
The feet of accident deform,
And from where fair flow'rets grow
Hurl it to the stream below,
Where, the season's early boast,
By the circling eddy tost,
On the flood a moment lies,
Then decays, and, with'ring, dies.
Much lov'd ARCHIBALD, thy fate
'Midst this world's uncertain state
Oft shall cause a world of woe,
Oft shall bid our tears to flow,

And our comfort while we weep,
And the sun sets in the deep,
And the next morn's seen again,
Blazing in th' etherial plain,
Shall be thus to hope thy rise,
And thy reign amidst the skies,
With rapt hosts that seem to be
Fair and innocent like thee.

ODE XII.

BY A FRENCH CITIZEN,

On the Successes of the flying Squadrons under the Command of SIR JOHN BORLASE WARREN, SIR RICHARD STRACHAN, SIR EDWARD PELLEW, SIR J. SAUMAREZ, &c. *on the Coast of France.*

I.

BRITONS, it is in vain to boast
The honours gain'd upon our coast,
Those honours are our own;
For had not we, to raise your name,
Resolv'd to bear our share of shame,
Your fame had ne'er been known.

II.

And when poor France by parties split
Imagin'd her [u] RE-UNION fit,
She kindly gave it up;
That the promotion of the Knight
Who shew'd such stratagems in fight,
No views of ours should stop.

III.

When on our [x] CLEOPATRA'S track,
Attracted by her flippant clack,
Your roving PELLEW lighted
She most complaisantly struck,
Just to contribute to his luck,
And that he might be knighted.

IV.

And one French ship was so polite,
She meekly lower'd her flag in fight,
And ran herself on shore;
That your poor wits who scribble plays,
Might in the [y] ARETHUSA'S praise,
Make all the play-house roar.

V.

And when your Amazon began
Her comments on the Rights of Man,

[u] *La Re-union* of 36 guns, taken by the *Crescent* of 36 guns, Capt. J. SAUMAREZ, off *Cherbourg*, *October* 20, 1793.

[x] *La Cleopatra*, of 40 guns, taken by the *La Nymph* of 36 guns, Capt. E. PELLEW, off the *Start*, *June* 19, 1793.

[y] See a popular Song called *Arethusa*, in the Entertainment of *The Lock and Key*.

We bravely bore the shock,
That of [z]MAN'S RIGHT it might be said,
With *Indefatigable* aid
She fix'd it on a rock.

VI.

The fruit that near her native shore
For WARREN our [a]POMONA bore,
The [b]STAR that shed her light
To add new lustre to his name,
All rose from France to swell his fame,
And shew his skill in fight.

VII.

Th' [c]ENGAGING gift that France bestow'd
To grace the CONCORD STRACHAN show'd,
The [d]LAUREL we prepar'd,
T' adorn Sir JOHN's triumphant pate,
And the [e]THREE COLOURS sent of late
Sir EDWARD to reward.

[z] Man's Right, *(Le Droits D'Homme)*, a French 74 gun ship, was driven on shore, on a rock, near the *Penmarks*, *January* 14, 1797, by the *Indefatigable*, of 44 guns, and the *Amazon*, of 38 guns.

[a] *La Pomone*, of 44 guns, taken by the *Flora*, Sir JOHN B. WARREN, &c. *April* 23, 1794.

[b] The Star, *(L'Etoil)*, of 30 guns, taken by Sir J. B. WARREN's squadron, on the coast of *France*, *March* 20, 1796.

[c] *L'Engageante*, a French ship of 38 guns, taken *April* 23, 1794, by the *Concord*, of 36 guns, Sir RICHARD STRACHAN.

[d] The *Le Jean Bart*, (afterwards the *Laurel)*, of 26 guns, taken by Sir J. B. WARREN's squadron, off *Rochfort*, *April* 15, 1795.

[e] *Le Trois Couleurs*, (the Three Colours), taken by the *Indefatigable*, Sir E. PELLEW, *June* 11, 1796.

VIII.

And the [f]VIRGINIE thro' whose smoke
PELLEW was heard to crack his joke,
And play upon our nation;
The [g]TRIBUNE form'd for Gauls to preach,
Near which, to make a *flaming* speech,
Sir THOMAS took his station.

IX.

And many a costly gift beside
We sent you out with every tide,
While fav'ring breezes bore them;
Which often, near their native land,
You blushless took with ready hand,
And never thank'd us for them.

X.

And oft of heroes, a whole host,
Sail'd up and down along our coast,
By us not much molested;
We seldom cop'd with blades so tough,
But hop'd, that when they had enough,
The gallants would have rested.

XI.

Instead of that, the more they took,
The more ships to their squadrons struck,

[f] *La Virginie* of 44 guns, taken by the *Indefatigable*, Sir E. PELLEW, *April* 25, 1796.

[g] *The Tribune*, the Rostrum where the French orators held forth in the National Assembly. *The Tribune*, of 44 guns, was taken, *June* 7, 1796, after a very gallant action, by the *Unicorn*, of 32 guns, Sir THOMAS WILLIAMS.

The more they still desir'd;
Their breasts, as they more wealth obtain'd,
And as they added honours gain'd,
With nobler views seem'd fir'd.

XII.

And to encourage them in ill,
At home they were rewarded still,
And some of them be-knighted,
And some made Baronets, and Barons,
For having, with poor Frenchmen, Charon's
Well-loaded wherry freighted.

XIII.

But spite of all the boast they make
Of all the prizes that they take,
And Honour's copious show'rs;
We were of ALL th' exhaustless source,
Then, by just inference of course,
The credit must be ours.

XIV.

The honours by [h] Sir RICHARD won,
[i] Sir JAMES, [k] Sir EDWARD, and [l] JOHN,

[h] Sir R. J. STRACHAN, Bart.
[i] Sir J. SAUMAREZ, Knt. Colonel of Marines.
[k] Sir E. PELLEW, Bart.
} Post Captains in the Royal Navy.

[l] Sir J. B. WARREN, Bart. K. B. Rear Admiral of the Blue.

All flow from [m]us, no doubt;
As no man to distinction rose,
For having routed all his foes,
Who found no foes to rout.

XV.

And altho' they their King may count
The source of honour's sacred fount,
We boldly must deny it;
Each title that they toil for thus
Comes, *ab origine*, from us,
He only can apply it.

XVI.

For if a Frenchman well to beat,
Is deem'd so exquisite a feat,
That honour from it flows;
How great must be the Frenchman's stock
Of honour, who thus honour's shock,
On all that switch him throws.

[m] The ancients make two several kinds
Of prowess in heroic minds,
The active and the passive val'ant;
Both which are *pari libra* gallant—
But in defeats the passive stout
Are always found to stand it out
Most desp'rately, and to out-do
The active, 'gainst a conqu'ring foe. HUDIBRAS.

ODE XIII.

A REMONSTRANCE,

Addressed by a French Citizen to Captain Sir H. TROLLOPE, *Knt. for his Conduct in attacking*, July 16, 1796, *eight French Ships of War, in the* Glatton, *of* 54 *Guns, some of them nearly of* [a] *equal Force with his own Ship, and compelling them to retire in the greatest Disorder, and in a most shattered Condition; and, after a long Chace, to take shelter in their own Harbours.*

I.

TROLLOPE, these are provoking tales
You spread, of having torn our sails,
And shot our ships to pieces;
Supposing all these rumours true,
Is this a pretty thing to do,
To cause such loss as this is?

II.

And is it gen'rous in a foe,
When our finances run so low,
To put us to such charges?
That you in fight our ships should spoil
While we waste money time and toil
To mend these ships and barges?

[a] The largest French ship carried 50 guns, and two of the frigates 36 guns each.

III.

And then, consider, 'twas not fair,
You had but one ship to repair,
E'en had your ship been batter'd;
While we our money must expend
Eight tatter'd ships at least to mend,
By you in battle batter'd.

IV.

In numbers, you th' advantage had,
For while their parts our eight ships play'd
They often miss'd your bark;
But you our eight ships could not miss,
For missing that, you gave it this,
So, always hit some mark.

V.

And then, in men too, what a chance!
You had two thousand men from France,
To throw your balls among;
While you could not three hundred show
At whom our men could aim a blow,
Of course they oft aim'd wrong;

VI.

As when you fire at gulls at sea
A num'rous flock affords no plea
For throwing shot away;
The poorest marksman, while they fall,
A brace, or so, at ev'ry ball,
May there his skill display.

VII.

Besides, clear evidence is brought
They were not men with whom you fought,
But [o]*Tailors* every one;
And as they, when they form'd the line,
United, could not make up nine,
You could not beat one man.

VIII.

And that you beat them is not true,
As they alledge that they beat you,
[p]For where the fight 's a chace;
And some their talents shew in flight;
And some pursue with all their might,
They beat, who win the race.

IX.

'Tis further stated by your foes,
You sing'd their shins, you came so close,
Which made their legs retire;
Thus tho' their hearts were brave, that day,
When their legs hurried them away,
How could they stand your fire?

[o] A sea-term, implying inaptitude for the sea service; the *positive* degree of which is signified by the term *Lubber*, or *Land-lubber*, and the *superlative* by the word *Sheep*; an old gunner, on board a ship of war, was observed to weep bitterly in consequence of his superior officer's calling him a *Sheep*, which he considered as the highest possible indignity.

[p] For those who run from th' enemy
Engage *them* equally to fly;
And when the flight becomes a chace,
Those win the day that win the race. HUDIBRAS.

X.

No wonder, had you gain'd the day,
When you bore down in such a way
  Before their guns would rattle;
For they most feelingly complain
You hasten'd the first blow to gain,
  Which is deem'd half the battle.

XI.

Besides, your [q] ship had sail'd so far,
And seem'd as well for feats of war,
  As navigation ready;
While our poor ships would no commands
Obey, nor could our feeble hands
  In battle keep them steady.

XII.

Your ship too's form'd of such strange wood
That seems design'd to brave the flood
  As well as fire and smoke;
And all your men appear so tough,
And made of such uncommon stuff,
  They all seem HEARTS OF OAK.

[q] The *Glatton* was built for the East India Company's service, and had made two voyages to the East Indies.

ODE XIV.

TO THE MEMORY OF

CAPTAIN STRANGEWAYS,

OF THE MARINES,

Who was mortally wounded in Captain TROLLOPE'S *memorable Action with a* whole Fleet *of French Frigates*[r].

Dulce et decorum est pro patriâ mori. HOR.

I.

STRIKE, with a plaintive air, the lyre,
Let sorrow dwell on ev'ry note,
Such notes as when good men expire
On th' air from heav'nly voices float,
Torn from thy tenement of clay,
Where, mortal, wouldst thou wing thy way?
Where are the mansions that must show,
Thy everlasting bliss, or woe?

II.

Where shall a wand'ring spirit rove
Thro' unknown realms, and unknown spheres?
What can his hopes, when dying, prove?
What can allay his doubts and fears?

[r] Captain STRANGEWAYS, though faint with loss of blood, asked, with a smile, and with seeming exultation, "if the enemy had not struck, if Captain TROLLOPE "had not gained the victory?" Having had a tourniquet put on, he returned to the deck, and continued there till, growing faint and weak, Captain TROLLOPE ordered him to be carried below; some hopes were at first entertained of his life, but his wound taking an unfavourable turn, he expired soon afterwards without a groan.

Where the conscience's calm and clear,
Angels to bliss the spirit bear;
The brave who for their country die,
Hope they no mansions in the sky?

III.

To him who resolutely treads
Honour and Virtue's arduous ways,
Death's a triumphal arch that leads
To glory and immortal ease;
Thus when the [s]Theban hero heard
His brave troops conquerors appear'd,
In death, he cried, "the *foe's* hosts fly?
"With joy, with ecstacy I die."

IV.

Thus bleeding in his country's cause
STRANGEWAYS exultingly expires,
And with well merited applause
From life's capricious stage retires;
Now, when no more the fight he hears,
A rose on his pale cheek appears,
"And is the battle won?" he cries,
Smiles in the arms of Fate, and dies.

[s] Trajectus hastâ, sanguine, et spiritu deficiens, recreare se conantes, primum an Clypeus suus salvus esset, deinde an perritus fusi hostes forent interrogavit. Quæ postquam ex animi sententiâ comperit. "Nunc enim vester Epaminondas nascitur "quia sic moritur, &c." VALER. MAX. lib. iii. cap. 2.

ODE XV.

IN MEMORY OF THE HONORABLE CAPTAIN W. PAGET,

Son of the EARL *of* UXBRIDGE,

Who, in his Majesty's Ship Romney, *attacked and took* La Sybille, *a French Ship of* 44 *Guns, in the Harbour of* Miconi, *in the* Mediterranean, June 17, 1794, *and died, some time since, in consequence, as was supposed, of a wound which he had received in that Engagement.*

I.

NOBLE youth, whose gallant deeds,
Britain, while her bosom bleeds,
With a mother's rapture tells,
And on thy martial pow'r dwells,
How thy worth shown in early days
Promis'd a rich return of praise,
How brilliant oft the morning sun appears,
'Till soon its splendour 's lost in clouds and show'ry tears!

II.

When [t] Miconi's awe-struck croud
Heard thy thunder near and loud,

[t] A French ship being discovered at anchor, Captain PAGET quitted a convoy which he had under his protection, entered the harbour, hailed the Frenchman, and desired him to strike his colours; who replied, that "he knew his force, and was prepared for him." Captain PAGET bringing his guns to bear clear of the town of *Miconi*, and approaching within pistol shot of the French ship, took her, after a well disputed action, in which the French Captain, and a great number of his ship's company, were killed. See the Hon. Captain PAGET's Letter in the *London Gazette*, in which he modestly says very little of himself, and nothing of his wound.

Fearful joys, and pleasing pains,
Thrilling ran thro' all their veins,
That the vaunting Gaul should feel
Thy just, thy patriotic zeal;
That war's resistless tempest should expose,
Merit like thine to cope with vain and worthless foes!

III.

When the foe thy pow'r defied,
And the fate of battle tried,
When his boundless pride was low'r'd,
By thy warlike skill o'erpow'r'd,
The grave Turk smil'd, as near the flood
The combat's fiery growth he view'd,
And much he Britain's naval prowess prais'd,
Soon higher in his thoughts by higher efforts rais'd:

IV.

But when of thy wound he heard,
Much he for thy safety fear'd,
Griev'd that battle's ruthless storm
Valour's flow'rs should thus deform,
And much he priz'd thy worth, and thought
Of victory too dearly bought,
Of youthful chiefs their envied country's boast,
Admir'd awhile, and lov'd, and then, for ever lost.

V.

But the wreaths young warriors gain
Why should tears of sorrow stain?
Th' oldest in the lists of Fame,
Dead, have but a deathless name!

And, PAGET, Fame shall crown thy shrine,
[u] Mona, the mother of thy line,
Shall sing thy worth to her enchanting lyres,
In the bold strain her bards immortaliz'd thy sires.

ODE XVI.

ON THE

SUCCESS OF THE SQUADRON

UNDER THE COMMAND OF

ADMIRAL LORD KEITH,

Who took a whole Fleet of Dutch Men of War, in the Bay of Saldanha, *near the* Cape of Good Hope, *without firing a Gun*, August 17, 1796.

I.

MAJESTIC o'er Saldanha's flood
Slowly a martial figure rose
Dispatching, as in arms she stood,
Despair, and Fear among her foes,
And in her hand a palm she bore
Undipp'd in blood, unstain'd with gore,
While the mark'd awe her looks command
Proves her mind pow'rful as her hand;

[u] *Mona*, the Isle of *Anglesea*, was regarded, anciently, as the principal residence of the Druids, and of the British Bards. Vide *Rowland's Mona Antiqua*, *Mason's Caractacus*, *&c.* The present Earl of UXBRIDGE is descended from Sir NICHOLAS BAYLEY, of *Plasnewydd*, in the county of *Anglesea*. Vide *Collins's Peerage of England*, vol. vii. p. 18.

II.

Wing'd Victory, she leads along
The fav'rite candidate of Fame,
Who trac'd out the Batavian throng,
And came, and saw, and overcame!
The deep resources of whose mind
Drew from the barren waves and wind
Powers that could unnerve the foe,
And gain the day without a blow.

III.

Lash'd by the brawny arm of war
The steeds on human carnage fed
Whirl Victory's triumphant car
Oft o'er whole mountains of the dead;
As when the Boaster fierce and vain
[x] Bridg'd the mid-stream with heaps of slain,
Mark'd [y] LODI's victory with blood,
And stain'd with his troop's gore the flood.

IV.

But ELPHINSTONE, with bloodless hands,
Built [z] VICTORY's unspotted shrine,
And issued his supreme commands
With strength and energy divine,

[x] *Bank the mid sea.* MILTON.

[y] There is little humanity, whatever policy there may be, in persisting in the resolution of carrying a place *coute qui coute*, and in gaining a victory by sacrificing half an army; but the number of men sacrificed to gain the pass of the Bridge of *Lodi*, in the opinion of every humane man, must have tarnished the laurels even of the conqueror of *Italy*.

[z] The ships that surrendered by capitulation, on this occasion, were the *Dordrecht*, of 64 guns, *Revolutie*, of 64, *Van Tromp*, of 54, *Casthor*, of 44, *Braave*, of 40, *Bellona*, of 28, *Sirene*, of 26, *Havick*, of 18, *Maria*, &c. This victory was as

And foes and friends at once obey'd;
To the dread pow'r their homage paid,
Hail'd BRITONS rulers of the wave,
And own'd them merciful as brave.

beneficial in its consequences as it was brilliant in its success. In point of utility to the country, it exceeded the conquest made by the Samnites at the *Furcæ Caudin*, while it was not disgraced by the severity of making the captives pass under the yoke. LIV. lib. iii. 1, 2. At the period of the Roman Empire, when it was customary to have medals struck in commemoration of their martial achievements, such a victory would have been commemorated, perhaps, by a coin, having the head of the conqueror on one side, and, on the reverse, the figure of Victory, winged, with a palm in one hand, and a sword bearing a crown of olive in the other, with the inscription VICTORIA SALDANACA, &c.

ODE XVII.

ON THE [a]VICTORY OBTAINED BY

ADMIRAL EARL ST. VINCENT

OVER THE SPANISH FLEET,

February 14, 1797.

I. 1.

SLOWLY spreading o'er the main,
[b]Dusky clouds involve the sky,
Heav'n and earth are one again,
Wordly sights elude the eye,
Sailors o'er the trackless deep,
Their tried paths with caution keep,
No sun points which way to steer,
No kind light shews danger near,
Smooth are the seas, and hush the waves,
Scarcely the surge the [c]foreship laves,

[a] The martial prudence and real patriotism which the noble Admiral discovered in resolving, *under the peculiar circumstances of the war, in those seas*, to run so great a risk; the intrepidity with which, at the head of so inconsiderable a force, he determined to attack a fleet nearly twice his number; the address he displayed in forming his little fleet in two lines, and the dexterity with which he broke through the enemy's line of battle, and cut off one third of their number, place his Lordship's conduct, on that occasion, not only beyond the reach of professional criticism, but above all praise; *major est omni non solum vituperatione, sed etiam laude.* JUL. SCAL. The Battle of *Actium* did not evince more martial talents than the Battle of *Cape St. Vincent*, and the latter, in all probability, will become as celebrated in history as the former.

[b] "Involvere diem nimbi, et nox humida cœlum
"Abstulit." VIRG.
"And night, with sable clouds, involves the main." DRYDEN.

[c] Strictly speaking, all the fore part of the ship, here, taken for the stem, or the part of the prow immediately above the water.

Vide the word foreship, in *Falconer's Nautical Dictionary.*

No signs of storms deform the sky,
But unknown dangers may be nigh,
For mortals know not what the fleeting hour
Has, ere it vanishes, of ills in store;
The roughest rocks the calmest water hides,
And stoutest ships are lost in smoothest tides.

I. 2.

Unperceiv'd by mortal eyes,
Blazing comets range the skies,
And from their noxious centres pour
On guilty worlds the pestilential show'r;
And well-arm'd fleets may often sweep,
In thickest haze, the surface of the deep,
Ere th' unfriendly pow'r's perceiv'd,
  Ere the wrath of Heaven's appeas'd,
Oft' the hostile blow's receiv'd,
  Or the hapless captive seiz'd;
Unhappy man! how oft he finds
More doleful ills from man, than from the winds!
Oft the lone bark, and oft the trading fleet,
That know no tempests, and no dangers meet,
When the morn blushes, with surprize are found,
By an arm'd squadron threaten'd all around.

I. 3.

Saw you the flash that through the gloom appear'd,
  It seem'd like light'ning shooting thro' a cloud,
Hark! o'er the waves a distant gun is heard!
  Some fleet approaching it proclaims aloud,

Hark! again, a bell the ear
Strikes, as if warlike ships were near;
Now, through the haze, but faintly seen,
Broad sails seem moving o'er the scene,
Hiberia's colours smite the eye!
What frequent martial signals fly!
How vast a squadron! What portentous cloud
May hang o'er Britain's unsuspecting land,
Should such a navy, num'rous, pow'rful, proud,
Approach its shore, what could the foe withstand?
And with vain Gallia's boasted force combin'd!
The thought-of danger harrows up the mind!

II. 1.

But another fleet appears,
Britain's well-known flag it bears,
In silent order regularly bold,
Like old tried troops long disciplin'd to arms,
They win the way their war-proof chieftains hold,
Aw'd at no danger, scar'd at no alarms;
No bells, no signal guns, disturb the ear,
But why that joy, that sparkles in their eyes?
Those light-wing'd barks that frequent tidings bear,
Have only whisper'd them the foe is near,
Heav'ns! what a val'rous, dang'rous enterprize!
Forbear, undaunted fleet, to steer,
That daring course, a pow'rful squadron's nigh,
Full [d] twice thy number, and full twice thy size,
At valour's danger, who but heaves a sigh?
Who but weeps when a brave heart pierc'd, or captur'd lies!

[d] The Spanish fleet were 27 ships of the line, and the British fleet only 15. But in weight of metal, and number of men and guns, the Spanish Admiral had a still greater advantage.

II. 2.

When misty clouds involve the fold,
And num'rous flocks at ease are found,
With youthful shepherds, arm'd and bold,
Guarding their fleecy care around,
Sudden from some impervious wood,
The yellow lion's dauntless brood
Spring o'er the fence at rage or hunger's call,
And dogs, sheep, shepherds, one disastrous carnage fall,
Such Hiberia's pow'rs appear'd,
No foes they saw, no danger fear'd,
While Pride oft told them that their arms,
Might guard against a host's alarms,
And now, in thought, old England's throne,
And all its riches, prove their own,
When sudden, thro' the gloom, the British fleet appears,
And rushing to the fight, awakens all their fears !!!

II. 3.

Discipline, thou hoary Pow'r,
That oft, the dark midnight hour
Hast, [c]with fierce tempests, seen deform'd,
When seas have rag'd, and winds have storm'd,
When tho' long toss'd, the ocean's sport,
Thy skill has brought thy bark to port;
That oft, in the cannon's mouth,
Hast shewn the head of age, and the prompt hand of youth,
And fac'd, unaw'd, a host of foes,
See! how brave Britain's sons oppose
The furious foe, the raging wind,
Brav'ry must ever thy protection find;

[c] Vide The Shipwreck, a Poem, by FALCONER.

O! shed on Britain's sons thy skill,
Render them cool in danger still,
And grant them ever at Command,
The ready thought, the ready hand,
And make it to the wide world known,
The empire of the Main 's their own.

III. 1.

In form like brave ST. VINCENT seen,
The well-known Pow'r his skill displays,
Calms all the tumult of the scene,
And all impatient ardour stays;
Then he gives the battle's plan,
Who close the rear, who lead the van;
Then shews the foes in one long line
Three times the number of the nine;
Not half the number are his force,
But he points out each vessel's course,
Forms in two lines his little fleet,
Which in the van precisely meet,
But open wider in the rear,
And like a well-form'd wedge appear;
And then he bids the naval Phalanx move;
Upborne by waves below, and wing'd by winds above,
And gives it matchless speed, and pow'r divine,
To reach, and penetrate, the hostile line.

III. 2.

With skill divine, athwart his line,
The well-form'd wedge is nobly driv'n,
And strikes the foe, an unseen blow,
Like a swift thunderbolt from heav'n;

And as the double lines move on,
They pour the British fire each way,
And scarce the foe knows what is done,
Ere his whole rear is fall'n a prey;
[f] While their own fire's blazing light
Guides the Britons in the fight;
But out their chief a signal throws,
The phalanx now a crescent grows,
Encloses and bears off the rear,
Where [g] five proud stately ships appear;
The foe amaz'd, and his long line curtail'd,
The nearest harbour nimbly seeks, with dread,
As a vast snake, by a bold swain assail'd,
Abridg'd and maim'd, hides in some hole its head.

[f] Some Citizens in the French Ambassador's suite at *Madrid*, were very severe in their remarks on the conduct of the Spaniards on this occasion, when a Spanish officer, in his own defence, laid the fault on the weather, and said, that some of their ships had absolutely lost *their way in the fog*.—"Yes," replied a Frenchman, "and, I suppose, "the English Admiral found his, by the light of his own fire."

[g] Though only four of the Spanish ships (two of them of 112 guns each) were carried into port, a fifth, a first-rate man of war, was considered as, for some time, in the possession of the English, but escaped, from the state of the weather, &c. Two of the ships (one of them of 112 guns) were taken by Admiral Sir Horatio Nelson, K. B. A soldier of the 69th Regiment, having broken the window of the upper quarter gallery of a first-rate Spanish man of war, Admiral Nelson instantly jumped in, and was followed by a great number; he rushed in through the cabin, and though a great many shots were fired at him from pistols, &c. he soon got on the quarter-deck, here the contest did not last long, for the Spanish Commander approached the brave British Admiral, and, with a bow, delivered up his sword; his example was followed by all the other Spanish officers in succession. Admiral Nelson received their swords from them, and gave them to one of his bargemen, who stood behind him; the British seaman took them, and put them under his arm, with the greatest *sang froid*. Vide Lord (then Sir Horatio) Nelson's Letter on the subject, published in the *Naval Chronicle*, *&c.*

III. 3.

The victors now, in triumph tow
To port, the prizes of the day,
While nations hear, confess their fear,
And own brave Britain's naval sway;
The vanquish'd, tho' more num'rous far,
Cover'd with awe in port remain,
While daring them again to war,
The British squadron sweeps the main;
His country round ST. VINCENT's brows,
Exultingly the laurel throws,
"Many a son I've had," she says,
"That spread from shore to shore my praise,
"Some for coolness had their merit,
"Some for skill, and some for spirit,
"But wreaths my brave son are thy due,
"For coolness, skill, and spirit too."

ODE XVIII.

TO CAPTAIN LORD VISCOUNT GARLIES,

On his Bravery[h] *in placing his Ship within half musket Shot of a Battery, and silencing it, in order to cover the Landing of the Troops under the Command of* Sir CHARLES GREY, *at* Guadaloupe, *April*, 1794.

Χρὴ μὲν ὑμνᾶσαι τὸν ἐσλόν. PINDAR.

I.

THE thunder of the Lion's mane,
Springing indignant on the foe,
His deep breast glowing with disdain,
His eyes that vivid light'ning show
His ardent heart that knows no fear,
All in his progeny appear
When first the forest-range they tread,
And horror and dismay around them spread.

II.

The terrors of the pond'rous beak,
The wide-spread wing that cleaves the air,
The ruffl'd plumage of the neck
When wildly rushing to the war,

h Admiral Earl ST. VINCENT, than whom there cannot surely be a better judge of naval merit, bore the following testimony to the excellency of Lord GARLIES's conduct: "The grenadiers made good their landing in the *Ance de Gosier*, (Guadaloupe), under "cover of the *Winchelsea*, Captain Lord Viscount GARLIES, who acquitted himself "with great address and spirit on the occasion, although he received a bad contusion from "the fire of a battery, against which he placed his ship, in the good old way, within "half musket shot. He was the single person wounded of the army or navy."

Vide *London Gazette*, *May* 19, 1794. (Signed) J. JERVIS.

"This service (embarking the troops, &c. for the reduction of *St. Lucia*), was per-"formed with neatness and precision, under the direction of Lord Viscount GARLIES."

London Gazette, *May* 17, 1794.

Mark the fierce Eagle's dauntless brood,
When first they own the thirst of blood,
When the pounc'd victim first they tear,
And bid the feather'd tribes confess their fear.

III.

When Caledonia's martial hords
Nor order own'd, nor laws obey'd,
Settl'd all questions with their swords,
Nor to their Monarch homage paid,
The STEWART's skill calm'd all their strife,
Hush'd the rude storms of savage life,
Those virtues with precision show'd
That sooth'd the breast, and form'd the great and good.

IV.

The intrepidity that steel'd
The far-fam'd STEWART's fearless heart
When [i] round on the foe's ranks he wheel'd,
And took his hard-press'd Monarch's part,
And turn'd the battle's rushing tide,
And humbl'd haughty Haco's pride,

[i] Haco, King of *Norway*, having invaded *Scotland*, in the year 1263, Alexander II. King of *Scotland*, met him at the head of his troops, when a desperate engagement ensued. Alexander, High Steward of *Scotland*, who commanded in the right wing of the Scots army, having routed the left wing of the Norwegians, checked his victorious troops, ere disordered in pursuit of the enemy, and wheeled them round on the rear of the main body of Haco's troops, who were now engaged with the main body of the Scots, under the command of King Alexander. The fate of the battle had long remained doubtful; but the spirited and unexpected attack of the High Steward on the rear of the enemy, soon threw them into confusion. The slaughter was dreadful, very few of the invading army escaped to their ships, and *Scotland* enjoyed peace and tranquillity for many years afterwards. Vide *Symson's Historical Account of the Stuarts*, p. 54.

That [k] valour still is seen to grace
Each youthful warrior of the STEWART race,

V.

The Pow'r that bless'd the [1] LENOX line
With skill to guard their native coast,
And bade their chequer'd standard shine,
The dread of each invading host;
Still on their race its favours sheds,
And in the paths of glory leads,
And gives them still to hope the fame,
That trump'd of old thro' all the world their name.

VI.

His broad sails whit'ning all the main,
His bright flag floating in the wind,
When JERVIS bore th' invading train
And bade them Gallia's vassals find,

[k] ——— ἅτ' ἄιθων ἀλώπηξ
Οὐτ' ἐρίζομοι λέοντες,
Διαλλάξαιντο ἦθος. PINDAR.

Est in juvenis, est in equis patrum
Virtus: nec imbellem feroces
Progenerant aquilæ columbam. HOR.

1 The Dukes of Lennox were anciently hereditary Lords High Admirals of *Scotland*. Vide *Crawfurd's* Officers of State in Scotland. The Earl of Galloway, and Lord Viscount Garlies, are lineally descended from the ancient house of Lennox, and are at the head of the Stuart name in Great Britain. Vide King James the Sixth's Patent, creating Sir Alexander Stewart, of Garlies, Lord Garlies. *Anderson's* Genealogical Tables; *Crawfurd's* Peerage of Scotland, and View of the Evidence of this Family's Genealogy, lately printed at *Edinburgh*. The Stewarts of Garlies wrote their names STUART, in the time of Mary Queen of Scotland. Vide *Keith's* History of Scotland.

He saw the wall'd-beach lin'd with foes
In arms, that dar'd his views oppose,
But he bade GARLIES hasten near
And teach them British gallantry to fear.

VII.

Go on, and fill with just alarms,
Each pride-built fortress of the foes,
Rival thy ancestors in arms,
And heal, brave youth, thy country's woes,
Let [m] GARLIES still a STEWART prove,
And ev'ry virtue from above
Descend to shield his breast, and shed
His fam'd line's ancient splendour round his head.

m Derived from the ancient British *Gair* a word, and *Llys* a court. Parliaments were held at the Castle of Garlies, in *Galloway*, in the early periods of the Scots History. This old fortress was given by a charter, (which is said to be still extant, and in the possession of the Earl of Galloway), by Alexander II. King of *Scotland*, to Alexander the High Steward, *November* 30, 1263, as a reward of his valour. The family name of Stewart, is derived from the office of High Steward, which they anciently bore.

Vide *Symson's Stuarts*, p. 55, &c.

ODE XIX.

On the memorable and decisive Victory gained by ADMIRAL LORD VISCOUNT DUNCAN *OVER THE DUTCH FLEET,*

October 11, 1797.

THE ARGUMENT.

Dryden's description of the engagement between the English and Dutch fleets, in the Dutch war, when the two rival fleets fought for three days. Occasional imitations of Dryden's stile and manner. Each stanza in the first ternary concluding with one day's action. Superior merit of Lord DUNCAN, *who, in in three hours, gained a more decisive victory than the British fleet had anciently done, over the same enemy, in three days. The noble Admiral's conduct superior to praise, and enabled by his conquests, were Bards venal, to purchase Fame which they themselves might envy. Short description of the battle. The noble Commander's bravery, dexterity, and professional knowledge. His piety. Piety ever regarded by the best writers of antiquity, as essentially necessary to form the character of a real hero.*[n]

I. 1.

HARK! with what harmonious fire,
Dryden strikes the sounding lyre
'Till England's lofty shores ring round,
Now he swells the din of battle,
Drums and cannons roar and rattle,
Loud shrieks and dreadful groans resound.

[n] The force of the Dutch were twenty-six ships, great and small, carrying 1259 guns. The English had only twenty-four ships, and 1198 guns. The officers, who distinguished themselves in this action, were ordered gold medals, as in Earls Howe and St. Vincent's engagements.

The magic of his lays present
The naval conflict to the view,
While as his strains the theme pursue,
Th' ears with the thunder's sound are rent;
At a flash of his fire the smoke clears away,
See the brave ships of Britain their colours display,
See stubborn Dutch vessels of equal renown,
To close with the British with courage bear down,
They flash, they roar, they mingle in the fight,
'Till clouds of sulphur intercept the sight,
And time invelopes them in shades of night.

I. 2.

In show'rs of tears the morn appears,
The work of death again 's begun,
The skies to show, dire deeds of woe,
Wrap in a bloody veil the sun,
What a havock is made, what fierce valour display'd,
How brave are the Britons, how sturdy their foes,
The shrouds are stain'd o'er, the decks stream with gore,
More desp'rate the battle each moment now grows,
The smoke grows ev'ry minute thicker,
The broadsides quicker still and quicker,
The hulls all sable seem with powder,
The guns roar louder still and louder;
Now their strength 's spent, and friendly night,
Drops her black curtain o'er the fight,
And each side claims the honours of the day;
Each side 's determin'd to renew the fray,
And each side sighs, and quarrels with the morn's delay.

I. 3.

The dawn appears, the brave fleets close,
And dreadful thunder's heard again,
Again the fire of battle glows,
Again gore reddens all the main;
The day is often lost and won,
And Fortune often changes sides,
And desp'rate deeds are often done,
That change the wide-war's swelling tides;
For three whole days the raging storms of fight,
Rise with the dawn, and slacken with the night,
For three whole days all England in alarms,
Asks if victorious or subdu'd her arms?
The Dutch so well, so well the Britons fought,
That Victory was puzzl'd which to crown;
While the Chiefs' valour, and the Poet's note,
Pleas'd Fame so much, she knew not which to own.

II. 1.

But DUNCAN in three hours did more
Than ancient chieftains in three days,
While *Holland* with superior pow'r,
Made a much feebler claim to praise,
He low'r'd so soon the Dutchmen's pride,
Night had no time to give them breath,
And Victory could soon decide,
Which fleet deserv'd the laurel wreath;
Nor was England flurried much,
With noise of guns, or cannons' rattle,
She heard her fleet had beat the Dutch,
Before Fame told her of the battle;

So quick are Victory and Fame in flight,
'Tis a hard contest which the palm shall bear,
But soon as DUNCAN hoists the flag of fight,
The one is there, the other ever near,
For to the fight when he his squadron leads,
Still Victory to pilot him proceeds,
And Fame soon follows to proclaim his deeds.

II 2.

Nor need Fame hesitate so long,
To which to give most lasting praise,
To those who heal their country's wrong,
Or to those Bards whose lofty strains,
Relate the hardships toil and pains,
That shorten oft the heroe's days.
DUNCAN's worth surpasses far,
In bold prompt deeds, and skill in fight,
And all the stratagems of war,
In judgment timely to decide,
The vantage of the wind and tide,
And Fortitude at Danger's sight,
The scarce-own'd honour Poets merit,
For fanning the fire they inherit,
What muse-struck bardling now can write,
As well as DUNCAN 's known to fight?
Hundreds such bards as these degen'rate days
Avow, to him must yield superior praise,
And Dryden for his fame had freely giv'n the bays.

II. 3.

But DUNCAN needs no Bard to praise
The gallant deeds that he has done,
He for himself might buy the bays,
With vessels by his valour won;
The Dutch alone nine ships supplied,
To wooe each Muse's lyric pride,
Some of their tribe, for such a bribe,
Might teach him how to touch the lyre,
The Muse of old, lov'd gifts and gold,
The Theban Bard would sell his fire;
But tho' the venal muse may part
With all the honours of her art,
Britain's brave heroes ne'er resign
Their honours for the richest mine.

III. 1.

The Mantuan and Mæonian lyres,
Illumining with rival fires,
The honour, piety, and brav'ry gain,
Shew "impious hearts must dread the grave,
"None but the pious can be brave,
"For heav'n is never reverenced in vain."
True valour, skill, and force from heav'n,
Are only to the pious giv'n,
And where worth and valour thrive,
Ingratitude can never live;
The coward conquer'd claims the laurel wreath,
Nor thanks that heav'n that sav'd his soul from death,
The brave victorious nobly thanks his God,
Nor dreads the flatt'rer's sneer, nor tyrant's rod.

III. 2.

Batavia's formidable force,
For Britain boldly steer'd its course,
What could its daring pow'r withstand,
The wind was fair, the sky serene,
Its canvas wings embrown'd the scene,
And hover'd o'er the British strand,
Ready to pour its legions on the land;
An hour's success might all things gain,
The British fleet in harbour lay,
But heav'n to prove their projects vain,
Shew'd DUNCAN where they wing'd their way,
Prompt at command the British fleet obeys,
Cheerly unfurls its ready sails and weighs,
While DUNCAN his victorious flag displays.

III. 3.

Down on the foe intrepidly they bear,
The wind, the surges, favour their design,
His well-found fleet with crowded sails they near,
And e'er they form their own, they *break his line,

* The advantage of breaking the enemy's line, where the discipline of the fleet can be depended on, is obvious, and has been illustrated in an elegant and a masterly manner by a late excellent writer on this subject. Vide *Clarke's Naval Tactics, &c.* Much of the naval success of the present war has been attributed to hints thrown out in that work. But the fact is, that prior to the publication of that justly admired treatise, it has been the practice of the British navy to break through their enemy's line whenever they would wait for them; as in Admiral Russel's engagement, &c. And if this has been oftener done in the present than in any preceding wars, it is because their enemies stood their ground, and fought better than ever they did before. The French certainly never fought in so determined a manner as they have done this war. In Earl Howe's engagement, they discovered every determination to contest the victory with the greatest obstinacy, but their

Determin'd DUNCAN led the way,
And heav'n with glory crown'd the day,
For tho' the enemy was brave,
Of his proud fleet they take the best,
Some from the yawning seas they save,
And force to shameful flight the rest.
The first of duties next is DUNCAN's care,
To heav'n he pays the tribute of a pray'r;
The brave fear God, but none beside they fear,
They dread no censure, and they shew no pride,
The timid, ever impious must appear,
They own no God to fear, but ev'ry thing beside.

obstinacy only served to give the British seamen an opportunity of gaining greater honour by beating them. They seem to consider breaking the enemy's line, and conquering him, as things of course, if he stands his ground. *We fairly fought them out of the weather-gage*, is the expression of an English sailor in his letter on the first day's action, *May* 28, &c. 1794. And on the memorable 1st of *June*, when Admiral Sir Alan Gardener addressed his ship's company, and exhorted them to display the same valour they had done the former days; "Never fear, Admiral," replied one of the seamen, "*only place us near* "*enough.*" "I'll place you near enough, I warrant we shall singe their beards." The Admiral was proceeding, but the shouts of applause were so tumultuous and incessant, that he could not be heard. The conduct of the *Queen*, on that day, fully proved, the British seamen know how to do their duty, if they be but *placed near enough!*

Vide a Seaman's Letter on the Battle of the 1*st of* June, *in the* Naval Chronicle.

Each of the *great* naval victories of the present war, seems to have its characteristic excellence. Lord DUNCAN's engagement seems distinguished by promptitude and stratagem. Promptitude in getting under sail the moment the enemy's fleet were found to be at sea. And stratagem in getting between them and the *Texel*, to prevent their return to port; and in allowing them the weather-gage at the commencement of the action, that, by breaking their line, the British fleet might be to windward, and be enabled to profit by the victory. This action was, at first, most ably and obstinately contested, the Dutch seamen being the best in Europe, the British excepted. But when they saw their Admiral taken, they attempted to get away in great confusion. It was called the Battle of CAMPER-DOWN; but from the hurry with which the enemy attempted to escape, towards the close of the action, the British seamen called it the Battle of *Scamper-Down!*

ODE XX.

TO THE MEMORY OF THE BRAVE

CAPTAIN A. HOOD,

LATE COMMANDER OF

HIS MAJESTY's SHIP, MARS, OF 74 GUNS,

Who was mortally wounded in an Action with the French Ship,
Hercules, *of the same* [p]*Force, near* Brest, *April* 21, 1798,
and who lived but just long enough to hear the
Enemy's Ship had struck, and to receive
the French Captain's Sword.

——*Pulchrumque mori succurrit in Armis.* VIRG.

I.

LONG, long may thy enliv'ning pow'rs
Courage, thou gift of heav'nly Hands,
Swell Britons' hearts in trying hours,
And rouse the guardians of our lands
To nobler still and nobler deeds,
Embolden, when a hero bleeds,
Some braver hero still to stand,
With light'ning in his eye, and thunder in his hand;

[p] The *Hercules* was at anchor when the engagement commenced, a circumstance which gave her a manifest advantage. Both ships carried the same number of guns; but the French ship had a considerable superiority in number of men. The *Hercules* was quite a new ship; it was about sun-set when Capt. HOOD engaged her, in consequence of orders from Lord BRIDPORT. The action continued with unabated fury for above two hours, and was fought so near the French shore, that the English heard the drums beating to arms all along the coast.

II.

To pour on that rebellious force
That dares disquiet Britain's peace
And stop her commerce in her course,
The vengeance of an injured race,
And crush the Furies that turmoil
The minds of industry and toil,
And give returning Peace to smile
On our vex'd shores again, and bless our favour'd isle.

III.

So when brave HOOD, with glory crown'd,
[q] Mature in fame, tho' young in years,
In battle felt the fatal wound,
Tho' still unknown to nerveless fears,
Bold [r] BUTTERFIELD stood forth, the boast
And bulwark of the British host,
And show'r'd that unabating fire
On the proud foe, which courage could alone inspire.

IV.

The well-won sceptre of the main
Still Britain's envied hand shall hold,
And dazzle wond'ring realms again
With show'rs of traffic-gotten gold,

[q] Capt. HOOD, in his Majesty's frigate *Juno*, *Dec.* 1793, ignorant of the evacuation of *Toulon*, by the combined Spanish and English fleets, had entered that harbour in the night, and had been designedly directed to steer on a sand-bank, by a French brig lying at anchor there. When he discovered his error, he had the address to extricate his ship, though a-ground, and the courage to carry her to sea, though fired at by all the batteries, and all the ships within gun-shot of him. The French had sent several boats full of troops to take possession of the ship; Capt. HOOD received them on board, and carried them out to sea with him.

[r] First Lieutenant of the *Mars*.

And guard the empire of the seas
Tho' envious France her Hercules
Should arm, and all his giant race,
And labour by their force to clamber to her place.

V.

The [s] Pow'r of battle still appears
And martials Britain's naval force,
Calls forth her adversary's fears,
And stops her treason in its course;
What shocks, what havocks, what alarms!
What carnage waits upon his arms!
While the stain'd surges of the main,
Blush at presumptuous France, and shew her efforts vain.

VI.

Courage, from heav'nly source deriv'd,
From [s] Piety and Virtue sprung,
Smil'd on her fav'rite while he liv'd,
And on his breast with fondness hung,
Bade his ship's company be brisk
And no vain distant war to risk,
But [t] hand to hand to end the fray,
And gain her dying HOOD the honours of the day.

[s] *Mars*, the name of the English ship.

[t] Captain HOOD was the son of a clergyman in the West of England, and the nephew of the two noble Admirals, Lord HOOD and Lord BRIDPORT, who were likewise the sons of a *Devonshire* vicar.

[u] The action was fought with the greatest obstinacy, 'till towards the conclusion of the engagement, the English sailors boarded the *Hercules*, and carried every thing before them. The two ships were so close to each other, that a boy passed from the yard-arm of the *Mars* to the enemy's top, equipped himself in French clothes, and returned to his own ship, enriched with the spoils, before the action was over.

VII.

The sword ambitious France had giv'n
Her baffl'd captain now resigns,
Obeys the sovereign Will of Heav'n
And further fruitless war declines;
The sword expiring HOOD receives,
And then the world in triumph leaves,
Smiling in death, his conquer'd foes,
Cry, " those who thus could die, who living could oppoſe."

ODE XXI.

ON

LIEUTENANT C. PRICE's[x] DEFENCE

OF THE

ISLES OF MARCOU,

May 7, 1798.

I.

CAMBRIA, for many an age renown'd
For hospitable boards,
Where unprotected strangers found,
Kind friends, and gen'rous lords;

[x] The French, with a very formidable military force, and a whole fleet of gun-boats, &c. attempted to surprize the *Isles of Marçou*, in the night, but they were heard by Lieutenant PRICE, before they reached the shore, when he opened such a tremendous fire upon them from all the batteries, that great part of the invading fleet was sunk, several hundreds of their troops drowned, and the rest obliged, in the greatest confusion, to seek for safety in their own harbours, leaving behind them the *Flibustier*, and some other of their shipping.

Where, while the foaming bowl went round,
The well-touch'd lyre's magic sound,
To noble daring rais'd mankind,
To thoughts the good alone can know,
To kind and val'rous deeds that show,
The great, the martial mind.

II.

Swept by a master's hand, the lyre
Exalts the soul from earth,
While soaring sentiments inspire
Grace, dignity, and worth.
Rous'd by the sound the weak grow bold,
For fame the rich despise their gold,
The poor with nobleness advance,
Laugh at the timid's vain alarms,
Defy the foe, and shout, "To Arms,"
And firmly couch the lance.

III.

With these just feelings fir'd they fac'd,
Of late, [y] th' invading foe,
With the brave deeds their country grac'd,
That their fam'd annals show;
Intrepidly they charg'd their foes,
And not content with distant blows,

[y] The bravery and intrepidity of the inhabitants of the principality of Wales, have frequently been displayed. The spirit and promptitude with which they seized such arms as presented themselves, and rushed forward in a mass to oppose the French troops (about 1300 in number) that landed near Fishguard in Pembrokeshire, during the night, in the month of March 1797, are well known, and have often been mentioned to their honour.

They coveted the closer fight,
And hemm'd the hostile squadron round,
Who soon o'er-aw'd, and yielding, own'd,
Their valour and their might.

IV.

Sprung from this martial race, and fir'd
With the same warmth of heart,
By the same magic sound inspir'd,
PRICE play'd the hero's part;
When favour'd by the shades of night,
And their vast fleet conceal'd from sight,
The hostile army sought the shore;
His watchful ear their whispers heard,
His arms he grasp'd, his troops prepar'd,
And bade his thunder roar.

V.

Sudden his light'ning darts afar,
Flash'd from his well-charg'd arms,
Sudden the thunderbolts of war,
Th' advancing foe alarms;
Sudden the wave is cover'd o'er,
With floating bodies, blood, and gore,
And yards, and masts, and rifted decks,
While shrieks and drowning warrior's cries,
And a mix'd clamour pierce the skies,
And the sea's choak'd with wrecks.

VI.

Confus'd the hostile fleet retires,
And mourns its thousands lost,
Precipitately flies his fires,
And seeks its native coast;
And hopes to know a foe no more,
So ready with his thund'ring pow'r,
So prompt with his resistless hand
Whole squadrons from the sea to sweep,
And plunge whole armies in the deep,
Near where they hop'd to land.

VII.

Cambria's brave sons, if in the night,
Ye deal such deathful blows,
What would ye do if ye had [z] light
To see your treach'rous foes?
And France, if so despis'd a force,
Could stop thy squadrons in their course,
How would the nation arm'd, defy
Thy armies visiting their strand,
Should they, beguil'd, attempt to land,
And Britons' tempers try?

[z] Ποίησον δ' ἄιθρην, &c. HOM.

Dispel this cloud, the light of Heav'n restore,
If we must perish, we thy will obey,
But let us perish in the face of day! POPE.

ODE XXII.

ON THE GLORIOUS VICTORY OBTAINED *OVER THE FRENCH FLEET* OFF THE MOUTH OF THE NILE, BY ADMIRAL LORD NELSON,

On the First of August, 1798.

I.

FOR many a league [a] pursu'd in vain,
At length the hostile fleet is seen,
Resistless Britons nobly gain
The day, but mourn the blood-stain'd scene;

[a] The British fleet, under the command of Admiral NELSON, had been cruizing in search of the French fleet, for several months, without success. But the time was not lost. Every day, when the weather, and important business would permit, the Admiral invited the Captains to dine on board the *Vanguard*, where, like a great master, he took the opportunity of studying their different characters, and developing to them, by way of conversation, his ideas of the best mode of attack, in every situation in which they possibly could find the enemy's fleet. The precise situation in which the French squadron was afterwards discovered, had occurred to his penetrating mind, and he had suggested to his Captains the propriety of dividing his fleet, and of appointing one division to attack the enemy on the outside, and the other to sail between them and the shore, and engage their attention on that side, hinting that "where there was room for an enemy's ship to "swing round, there was room for one of ours to anchor." The result of these different conversations was, that when they came to action, every one knew how to act without waiting for signals; the Admiral had the greatest confidence in his Captains, and the Captains in the Admiral, and the men in both; and they discovered the greatest exultation at the sight of the French fleet, and fell on them with loud cheers, as if already sure of victory.

Thus Angels by divine command
Arm'd to chastise a guilty land,
Bid hosts Heav'n's aweful vengeance know,
But pity while they strike the blow:

CHORUS.

For Britain, while her navies know
To rule the waves at glory's call,
Loves to reward the laurell'd brow,
And weep the fate of those who fall.

II.

Thro' many [b]batt'ry's fire severe,
'Mong rocks and shoals the victors steer,
While huge ships sunk, or blown in air,
Or captur'd, crown their bold career;

[b] The enemy had an island in their van, with a battery of guns and mortars on it, and they were flanked by frigates and numerous gun-boats. The entrance of the bay, (the Bay of Shoals), was extremely difficult. The French Admiral had assured Buonaparte, a few days before the action, that his situation was impregnable, and capable of resisting the whole navy of England. But Admiral NELSON, in his letter to Earl St. VINCENT, observes, "Nothing could withstand the squadron your Lordship did me the honour to "place under my command." The island, in front alone, with the battery on it, would have been capable of preventing the approach of any other fleet, but Admiral NELSON hardly deemed it worthy of notice; he just mentions in the postscript of one of his letters, "The island I have taken possession of, and brought off the mortars, with all the brass "guns, and destroyed the iron ones." Their advantageous position, and their being at anchor with springs on their cables, gave the French every hope, that the English were rushing forward to inevitable destruction, but the moment the attack commenced on the van, and that their line was placed between two fires, the English coming down before the wind, singling out their adversary's ships, and anchoring within half pistol shot of them in succession as they advanced, the French Commanders acknowledged they saw the battle was lost. The loud huzzas which the English sailors gave totally disconcerted the French. Even English officers complained of it. The first Lieutenant of Lord NELSON's ship wished to put a stop to it, as his commands could not be heard; "Let "the men alone," said his Lordship, "they know well enough what they are about."

Such are the heroes Britain breeds,
Where honours wait on gallant deeds,
Or where soft tears by beauty shed
Embalm the mem'ry of the dead.

CHORUS.

For Britain, while her navies know
To rule the waves at glory's call,
Pants to reward the laurell'd brow,
And weep her val'rous sons that fall.

III.

On [c] either side the hostile fleet
The British bands their way pursue,
And render vain the foe's retreat,
At once by land and water too;

c The *Goliath*, of 74 guns, (commanded by Captain FOLEY, descended from a *Pembrokeshire* family, of great antiquity, and fruitful in great characters), had the honour to lead on the inside, followed by the *Zealous*, *Orion*, *Audacious*, and *Theseus*. These ships, particularly the *Goliath*, as they advanced, received, in their bows, the whole fire of the broadsides of the French line, as well as of the batteries. Notwithstanding this, the necessary number of men were employed aloft in furling the sails, and on deck in hauling the braces, preparatory to casting anchor, which, amidst all the fire of the enemy, was done, with as much coolness as if it had been in a friendly harbour, the ship's companies diverting themselves with shouting and singing—" God save the KING," and " Hearts " of Oak"—" We cheer'd as down the Bay we ran, &c." is part of a song written on the occasion, by the Schoolmaster of the *Vanguard*. At half past six in the evening, the moment they came to anchor, close along-side of the French ships, the action commenced with *an ardour and vigour which it is utterly impossible to describe*. The van ship of the enemy, *Le Guerrier*, was dismasted in less than twelve minutes; and in ten minutes after, the masts of the second ship, *Le Conquerant*, and of the third, *Le Spartiate*, went by the board. " Their high state of discipline, (said Lord NELSON, in his Letter on the " success of the British fleet), is well known to you, and with the judgement of the Cap- " tains, together with their valour, and of the officers and men of every description, it " was absolutely irresistible."

While deluges of fire they pour,
And, lost in flames, the neighb'ring shore
Echos to dying seamen's cries,
Which draw tears e'en from heroes' eyes:

CHORUS.

For Britain, while her navies know
To rule the waves at glory's call,
Loves to reward the laurell'd brow,
And weep the fate of those who fall.

IV.

More gallant deeds mark'd not the [d] morn,
When the foe's lofty line to break
The British flag was cheerly borne,
And half Gaul's squadron lay a wreck;
When as in thund'ring clouds that hail'd,
Triumphant Britons, while they sail'd,
Seem'd Heav'n-born Pow'rs to mortal ken,
[e]'Till they mourn'd MONTAGU like men:

CHORUS.

For Britain, while her navies know
To rule the waves at glory's call,
Pants to reward the laurell'd brow,
And weep her val'rous sons that fall.

[d] The glorious morning of the 1st of *June*, 1794, when Lord HOWE, in the *Queen Charlotte*, carried the British flag triumphantly through the centre of the French line, and almost half the French fleet were seen dismasted and disabled.

[e] VARIATIONS.

"*'Till tears for* HERVEY *prov'd them men.*"

But Captain HERVEY, of the *Brunswick*, had fallen in battle previous to the 1sth of *June*; and it was the gallant Captain MONTAGU who was killed in Lord HOWE's defeat of the French fleet on that memorable day.

V.

[f] WESTCOTE! the *Nile* from distant hills,
Pouring her tribute to the main,
Confess'd, tho' fed by golden rills,
Thou gav'st her waves the richest stain;
So when Gaul chid Batavia's fear,
And bade her DUNCAN's thunder hear,
The flood, as British Poets said,
Blush'd when undaunted [g] BURGESS bled.

CHORUS.

For Britain while her navies know
To rule the waves at glory's call;
Pants to reward the laurell'd brow,
And weep her val'rous sons that fall.

VI.

Gaul, thy chimeras all are vain,
Britain's [h] *Bellerophon* pursu'd
To Ægypt's coast thy monster train,
And gave [i] Arabia's sons their blood;

[f] Captain WESTCOTE, of the *Majestic*, who fell in Lord NELSON's glorious engagement, *August* 1, 1798, and who was so much beloved, that the whole town, where his friends lived, went into mourning when the melancholy account of his death arrived.

[g] Captain BURGESS, killed in Lord DUNCAN's engagement with the Dutch fleet, *October* 11, 1797.

[h] *Bellerophon* was not more celebrated in ancient fable for subduing chimerical monsters, than the ship that bears his name has been this war, in lending her aid to stop the ambitious career of the French: she was with the foremost of the ships that broke through the French line in Lord HOWE's memorable engagement on the 1st of *June*, 1794, and was seen firing each way, in passing their line, with as much vigour and effect as if only her guns on one side had been manned. She bore a conspicuous share in Lord NELSON's engagement, and was so disabled, that she nearly drifted on the Ægyptian shore.

[i] Some of the crews of the *Timoleon*, and other French ships, having swum on shore near *Aboukir-Bay*, were put to death by the Arabians. The crew of the *L'Artimise*, a

Boast ye, proud foes, of crimes elate,
[k] DANIELLS' unseasonable fate?
Your boast is vain; his country shows
His laurels on his brother's brows.

CHORUS.

For Britain, while her navies know
To rule the waves at glory's call,
Pants to reward the laurell'd brow,
And weep her val'rous sons that fall.

VII.

What terrors palsied *Ægypt's* breast,
When Gallia's monsters first appear'd!
What lively hopes her eyes express'd!
When NELSON first his standard rear'd
To shade her shore, while in his fire
Whole squadrons dreaded to expire,
[l] 'Till at his nod his heroes rose,
And rescu'd from the flames their foes:

CHORUS.

For Britain, while her navies know
To rule the waves at glory's call,
Loves to reward the laurell'd brow,
And weep the fate of those that fall.

French frigate, were, though pitied, thought to have deserved their fate: for that ship having fired a broadside, and struck her colours, the French Captain, after having thus surrendered, unwarrantably set fire to his vessel, and, with part of the crew, escaped on shore. *Authentic Account of the Battle of the Nile, &c.*

[k] Lieutenant DANIELLS, of the *Bellerophon*, killed in the engagement with the French fleet on the coast of *Ægypt*, *August* 1, 1798, in compliment to whose merit Lieutenant DANIELLS, his surviving brother, was made master and commander.

[l] When Admiral NELSON was informed that the *L'Orient* was on fire, though under the Surgeon's hands, having a severe wound dressed, which he had received in his head,

VIII.

How wild were WAR's destructive rage!
How fierce his desolating fire!
Did not HUMANITY assuage
With gentle hand his wasteful ire,
And place a NELSON in command,
To civilize his savage band,
And bid the hand of [m]MERCY heal
The wounds WAR's raving furies deal:

CHORUS.

For Britain, while her navies know
To rule the waves at glory's call,
Loves to reward the laurell'd brow,
And weep the fate of those who fall.

IX.

Toss'd on the restless seas of strife,
When Death in dreadful forms appears;
What could sustain the warrior's life?
What could remove his frequent fears?

he instantly ran upon deck, and ordered the only boat he had capable of floating to be immediately manned, and sent to the assistance of the Frenchmen on board. The other British ships that were capable of doing so followed his example, and thus saved the lives of a great many of the poor people on board. She blew up with a tremendous explosion about ten o'clock; an aweful pause, and a death-like silence, for about three minutes, ensued. *La Serieuse*, a French frigate, had been sunk by the fire of the British ships; her poop remained above water, and her men were saved upon it, and taken off by the boats of the English fleet. *Authentic Account of the Battle of the Nile*, *Naval Chronicle*, *Naval Magazine*, No. 11, &c.

m "The Admiral well knowing that the wounded of his own ships had been taken "care of, bent his first attention to those of the enemy. He established a truce with the "Commandant of *Aboukir*, and through him made a communication to the Commandant

Did not a NELSON now and then
[n] Rise to direct the eyes of men,
To where at Nature's helm presides
The Pow'r that rules the battle's tides.

CHORUS.

For Britain, while her navies know
To rule the waves at glory's call,
Loves to reward the laurell'd brow,
And weep the fate of those who fall.

" of *Alexandria*, that it was his intention to allow all the wounded Frenchmen to be taken " on shore to proper hospitals, with their own surgeons to attend them." - *Authentic Account of the Battle of the Nile, &c.*

[n] After the many extraordinary escapes which Lord NELSON has experienced, and the many arduous situations in which he has been placed, nothing can do him more honour than the manly piety and religious gratitude which, in this dissolute age, he has had the resolution uniformly to avow. The day after the Battle of the Nile, though the time and attention of the Admiral, and all the Officers of the fleet, were fully employed, the following memorandum was issued to the different Captains of the squadron:

MEMORANDUM.

Vanguard, off the Mouth of the Nile, August 2, 1798.

" Almighty GOD having blessed his Majesty's arms with victory, the Admiral intends " returning public thanksgiving for the same, at two o'clock this day; and he recom- " mends every ship doing the same, as soon as convenient.

" To the respective Captains
" of the Squadron."

Accordingly, at two o'clock that day, divine service was publicly performed on the quarter deck of the *Vanguard*, by the Reverend Mr. Comyn; all the other ships following the example of the Admiral. This solemn act of gratitude to Heaven seemed to make a very deep impression on several of the prisoners, both officers and men; some of the former of whom remarked, " that it was no wonder we could preserve such order and " discipline, when we could impress the minds of our men with such sentiments, after a " victory so great, and at a moment of such seeming confusion."

Such public acts of religious gratitude impress the minds of the men with dignified sentiments, and inspire them with proper confidence. A military party, belonging to the late secret expedition, being on board a ship of war in the *Mediterranean*, when the men were

X.

Immortal NELSON! round thy brow
How fair the wreath thy country twines!
No brighter name her [n] annals know,
No hero more distinguish'd shines;
And, grateful, all thy wounds she feels,
And lib'rally her bounty deals,
To rear their orphan race who died
In that day's combat at thy side.

CHORUS.

For Britain, while her navies know
To rule the waves at glory's call,
Pants to reward the laurell'd brow,
And weep her val'rous sons that fall.

called up to prayers, one of them asked what that was for? and being answered it was to call them to prayers, "what, do you go to prayers here?" said he, "yes," cried a seaman, "do not you?" "No," answered the soldier, "we have long discarded *out* "Chaplains, *we* never pray." "Then, I suppose," replied one of the sailors, "that is "the reason why you always succeed so well."

[n] A greater, or a completer victory, than the glorious victory of the *Nile*, is not recorded in the annals of Great Britain, nor in the history of any country, ancient or modern. The English Admiral had with him, in action, only twelve ships of 74 guns, one 50 gun ship, and a brig of 14 guns. The enemy, exclusive of their advantageous position, had one ship of 120 guns, three of 80, nine of 74, in all, thirteen ships of the line, and four frigates, two of them carrying 48 and 36 guns, all of which were sunk, burnt, or captured, except two ships of the line, and two frigates, that effected their escape the following morning, and those have been since taken. This, in the language of the sailors, has been called *giving a good account of them*. His Majesty has since conferred the dignity of a Baron of Great Britain on Sir HORATIO NELSON, by the title of Baron NELSON of the NILE: Gold medals to be worn by the officers, as in Earl Howe's engagement.

XI.

Not so! the modest hero said,
A [o]heav'nly HAND hath been our guide,
His shield in battle o'er us spread,
And led to mercy those who died;
That heav'nly HAND that gives the heart
To act the honourable part,
To calm the friendless [p]Orphan's fears,
And gently dry the Widow's tears;

CHORUS.

For Britain, while her navies know
To rule the waves at glory's call,
Pants to reward the laurell'd brow,
And weep her val'rous sons that fall.

XII.

No! vaunting Gauls! Iberians! no!
Fair Albions' cliffs ye ne'er shall harm;
What? felt ye not ST. VINCENT's blow?
Felt ye not HOWE's experienc'd arm?
And many a Hero more she boasts,
To guard from harm her sea-girt coasts,

[o] Vide Admiral Lord NELSON's Letter, on the occasion, to Admiral Earl ST. VINCENT, "ALMIGHTY GOD *has blessed his Majesty's arms in the late battle, with a great* VICTORY "*over the fleet of the enemy, &c.*"

[p] This Ode was set to music, and published soon after the action, by *G. Smart, corner of Argyll-street, Oxford-street*, for the benefit of the widows and orphans of those who fell in the action.

And many a future bard shall tell,
Who bravely fought, who nobly fell.

CHORUS.

For Britain, while her navies know
To rule the waves at glory's call,
Pants to reward the laurell'd brow,
And weep her val'rous sons that fall.

ODE XXIII.

ON THE [q] VICTORY OBTAINED BY
ADMIRAL SIR J. B. WARREN's SQUADRON
OVER THE FRENCH FLEET
OFF THE COAST OF IRELAND,
October 12, 1798.

I.

WIDE o'er thy desolated heaths
The fiend of war, Hibernia, breathes
Inexorable hate,
Wraps in remorseless flames the cot,
Where the lone orphan mourns his lot,
Or weeps his parents' fate.

[q] When the proximity of the enemy to the Irish coast, the number of troops on board their fleet, their disposition to land them, the arms they had provided for the insurgents, the state of *Ireland* at the time, and the hords of banditti ready to join the invaders, are considered, Sir J. B. WARREN's victory must be admitted to have been one of the most seasonable, and providential, in the course of the present eventful war. While the vigilance discovered in observing the course of the hostile fleet, the address evinced in bringing them to action, and the spirit displayed in the attack of so formidable a force, reflects the highest credit on the enterprizing fervour, the valour, and the professional abilities of the principal in command, the different officers, and men.

II.

Sternly the pike the monster sways,
And, nightly, on scar'd cities lays,
Or fanes, his ruthless hand,
And yet insatiable of ill
For fiend-like aid he beckons still
To Gaul's demoniac land.

III.

Obedient at the call, the coast
Is shaded with th' invading host
In friendship's garb array'd,
Gallia's deceitful bands, whose words
Of peace are boastful, but whose swords
Speak treach'ry their trade.

IV.

Her standard, Anarchy, displays,
Invites the foe to tread her ways,
And aid her murd'rous train,
To drench the land in guiltless blood,
To sacrifice the great and good,
And spread her riot reign.

V.

Fraught with more mischief than of yore,
The [r] Grecian gift to Ilium bore,
The fraudful fleet prepares,
To pour on the deluded land
With indefatigable hand,
Her desolating wares.

[r] ——Ne credite, Teueri,
Quicquid id est, timeo Danaos, et dona ferentes. VIRG.

VI.

The *Hoche*, of huge gigantic size,
With her masts lost amidst the skies,
A mountain crown'd with wood,
Her crew an army in array,
Her shade a gloom that clouds the day,
Sails, tow'ring o'er the flood.

VII.

While a whole fleet at her command,
Already near Hibernia's strand,
Their martial prowess boast,
And every loyal heart, with fear,
Views an unfeeling foe so near,
And thinks the country lost.

VIII.

But in the moment of our fears,
When Evil in full pow'r appears,
Heav'n's Hand appears to save;
While the vain foe his triumph boasts,
Britain, who guards Hibernia's coasts,
Shades with her fleet the wave.

IX.

[a] WARREN, in tempests ever seen,
Soon throws his form athwart the scene,
And soon salutes the foe,
Like light'ning seen thro' storms to glide,
And flash against some mountain's side,
He deals the dext'rous blow.

[a] Sir J. B. WARREN, in the course of this war, has taken several hostile ships, while it blew a gale of wind, and while there was the greatest danger of his little squadron's being driven on the enemy's coast.

X.

The foe's vast bulk his blows receives,
Heels at each thunderbolt, and heaves,
And trembles o'er the tide,
As when a tow'ring mountain feels
An earthquake's rending force, he reels,
And [t] low'rs his lofty pride.

XI.

Next [u] DORIS and ETHALION's name,
Tho' not unknown to ancient fame,
New honours still acquire;
And long their praise, who low'r'd the pride
Of [x] THREE FOES, on th' ensanguin'd tide,
Shall charm the British lyre.

XII.

The Britons now the Gauls pursue,
While [y] COUNTESS keeps the game in view,
And cheers them in the chace;
And [z] THORNBOROUGH with cautious sway,
Preserves unhurt the captur'd prey,
But curbs the restless race.

t *Le Hoche*, of 80 guns, and full of men, struck to the *Canada*, of 74 guns, Sir J. B. WARREN's ship.

u The *Doris* frigate, of 36 guns, and the *Ethalion*, Captain COUNTESS, greatly distinguished themselves in the action of the 12th of *October*, &c.

x Three of the enemy's frigates, two of them of 40 guns each, struck to the British fleet five hours after the *Canada* had taken *Le Hoche*.

y Captain COUNTESS discovered the same vigilance in keeping the enemy's fleet in view, and, by signals, informing Sir J. B. Warren's squadron of their rout, that Capt. Sir H. TROLLOPE had displayed previous to Lord DUNCAN's action, when he used the memorable saying "wherever you see the *Russel*, there you 'll see the Dutch fleet."

z Captain THORNBOROUGH had the merit of keeping company with *Le Hoche*, and some other of the prizes, and, of bringing them into port in very tempestuous weather.

XIII.

[a] DURHAM, once more, the trump of Fame
Essays with ANSON's well known name
The *Loire* returns the sound,
While by the fleet [b] *Melampus* seiz'd,
And by his constant baying teaz'd,
The *Resolu* is found.

XIV.

And MARTIN swiftly flies, and flings
The shadow of his canvass wings
O'er th' agitated main,
Th' [c] *Immortalite*, elate
With vanity disputes her fate,
But she disputes in vain.

XV.

Kind [d] PROVIDENCE, how bless'd the land
That knows and owns thy guardian Hand!
And sees thy Pow'r prevail!

[a] The *Loire*, of 46 guns, and 664 men, taken *October* 18, 1798, by the *Anson*, of 44, Captain DURHAM.

[b] ——— Primusque Melampus
Ichnobatesque sagax *latratu* signa dedêre. OVID.
The *Resolu*, of 40 guns, struck to the *Melampus*, of 36 guns.

[c] The *Immortalite*, of 44 guns, and 700 men, including troops on board, struck to the *Fisgard*, of 44, Captain MARTIN, near *Brest*, *October* 20, 1798.

[d] A Nobleman, as remarkable for the energy of his expressions as for his talents, being on the Continent, was introduced to a Monarch who had been in the alliance of England. The conversation turning on the affairs of this country, the Nobleman mentioned the signal interpositions of PROVIDENCE in its favour, "PROVIDENCE!" said the King, "that's one of your Allies, is it?—and, I suppose, the only one you have remaining." "The only one we are not forced to subsidize, an't please your Majesty," answered the

France shadow'd with her fleet the deep,
And threaten'd realms; but [e] scarce a ship
Returns to tell the tale.

XVI.

The [f] fleet-sav'd isles in grateful song,
WARREN, shall sound thy triumphs long,
And own thy timely aid;
And the rapt bard of future days
Thy promptitude and skill shall praise,
And please thy list'ning shade.

Nobleman. "Then it is the only one," said the King, "that will do no *great things* "for you."—"If She do no *great things* for us," replied the Nobleman, "She does not "take *great sums* of money from us, and afterwards desert us, and *do nothing*."

[e] Of nine ships and a brig sent to invade *Ireland*, seven and a brig were taken, and one was reported to have been sunk going into *Brest*.

[f] Ὀρθωθεῖσα *ναύταις*, defended by seamen. PINDAR.

"I believe, a brig, with Napper Tandy on board, was in company, as she left the "the French at the commencement of the business. The enemy's ships had numbers of "troops on board, arms, stores, and ammunition; and large quantities of papers were "torn, and thrown overboard, after they had struck, &c."

Extract from Sir J. B. Warren's *Letter to* Lord Castlereagh, *dated* October 18, 1798.

ODE XXIV.

ON SIR SIDNEY SMITH's

GALLANT AND UNPRECEDENTED DEFENCE OF

ST. JOHN DE ACRE,

Against the French Troops under the Command of Buonaparte,
March, April, and May, 1799.

IRREGULAR.

I.

HENCE, nor dare profanely tread,
Near these celebrated rills,
Which flow from Hermon's sacred head,
And Libanus's wood-crown'd hills;
Vile apostates, hence, avaunt,
Chuse some dark unhallow'd haunt,
Where impious Atheism may shade
Her base polluted train in some impervious glade;
Impiety, let not thy breath
Taint the Plains of Nazareth,
Nor let thy orgies wild resound,
Near this consecrated ground.

II.

This far-fam'd long-contested ground contains,
Your ancestors' rever'd remains,
Who on the spot their vile descendants stain,
Were in more pious quarrels slain,

What time to rescue from the Sultan's tyrant hand,
The precincts of the [g] Holy Land,
The Christian Monarch couch'd his lance,
And led to war the hosts of France,
And among Europe's armies sought the fame,
Valour sheds on heroes' name,
What tho' wrong their zeal, they bled,
More salutary principles to spread,
Louis and Phillip bending from the skies
View their abandon'd sons with horror and surprize.

III.

Near Jordan's sacred stream,
See ruthless falchions gleam,
To spread impiety and error's reign,
Apostatizing France,
Bids her fall'n troops advance
Her blasphemies on Gilead's hallow'd plain,
Whence her own boasted devotees of yore,
Wrench'd from the foe the field, or drench'd it with their gore.

IV.

See, History her art divine displays,
And prompt at her command,
Monarchs, and mail-clad chiefs of ancient days,
Daring the faithless foe to combat, stand,

g The Kings, and the troops of France, during the Crusades, distinguished themselves amongst the warlike armies of Europe, in the bold attempt to recover the Holy Land from the Saracens. See an interesting account of Louis IX. King of France, his expedition to *Egypt*, his captivity, and departure for *St. John De Acre*, in *M. Savary's Letters on Egypt*, vol. i. p. 337.

Robert, of Normandy the martial boast,
His realms for Fame resign'd,
And wounded Edward, of undaunted mind,
To health by beauteous Eleanor restor'd;
And [h] Lion-hearted Richard, rise to view,
And Barons bold that honour's paths pursue,
With warlike gifts empow'r'd,
And many a val'rous Knight in deeds of arms,
O'er many a realm, renown'd,
The peerless Champions Britain bred,
In days of Chivalry to spread
Her warlike fame o'er many a region round;
And Ptolemais, at thy walls,
See, Lion-hearted Richard calls,
And fills thy Legions with alarms,
Before thy gates tho' myriads fell, in vain,
Tho' foes for years around thy walls were found,
Yet Richard's summons have such charms,
The citadel at once they gain.

[h] The Crusaders under the command of the Kings of France, &c. had besieged Ptolemais, or *St. John de Acre*, in vain, for a considerable time; but when Richard *Coeur de Lion* appeared before it, at the head of his English troops, and summoned it to surrender, so great was the terror of his name, that it soon threw open its gates.

Hume's History of England, vol. ii. p. 182, &c.

Gibbon, in his *History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, gives several instances of the terror which King Richard's name had inspired. Armed with his mace, he singly galloped in front of the whole Saracen line, and none had courage enough to encounter him, or spirit to discharge a lance at him. For years afterwards his name was proverbial in the East, *What is the matter with thee?* An Arabian would say, when his horse started, *Dost thou think thou seest King Richard?*

V.

Gallia's sons, hope not to find,
Now, these walls so soon borne down,
Different far the Lord they own,
A [1] Christian Knight the rampart guards,
And diff'rent far the assailants' mind,
Their faithless, their apostate force,
(Religion scorn'd and outrag'd), must of course
Dread their apostacy's rewards.

VI.

But Lion-hearted Richard bravely led
Faithful and British troops to war,
Whose well-directed gallantry had spread
The terror of their names afar,
Round Richard while such force appear'd,
His warlike summons soon were heard,
Cities resign'd, at his commands,
Their citadels, and hostile bands;
Warriors, let but your legions love,
What Truth and Piety approve,
They'll be, where'er they're seen, rever'd,
But faithless hosts are only fear'd.

VII.

SIDNEY, on thee they try their arts in vain,
By thee nor dreaded nor rever'd,
The fickle foe with true compunction find
By their attractive force in thee,
The charms of virtuous Worth and Piety,
Wishing now they had not err'd;

[1] Sir SIDNEY SMITH, in his Letter to the Christians of *Mount Lebanon*, to dissuade them from joining the French, stiled himself a Christian Knight.

And tho' they vaunt so loud their feats in arms,
They see the savage [k] Turk's untutor'd mind,
When disciplin'd by thee, display
The gen'rous thoughts the brave betray,
When in the breach the day they gain,
When all the foe's attacks they foil,
Fill his whole host with harassing alarms,
And vanquish him with lassitude and toil;

VIII.

And royal Richard ne'er obtain'd,
Or by imprisonment, or war,
Or sufferings in Honour's cause,
So fair a fame as thou hast gain'd,
To trump thy envied name afar,
And swell thy country's just applause.

IX.

Urg'd on by all the Demons of Despair
Tho' twice six times the foes advance,
SMITH's fertile mind by vigilance and care
Foils all the stratagems of France;
And when the treach'rous [l] Mine they form,

[k] "I must not omit to mention, to the credit of the Turks, that they fetch the gabions, "fascines, and those materials which the garrison does not afford, from the face of the "enemy's works, setting fire to what they cannot bring away, &c." *Sir Sidney Smith's Letter to Earl St. Vincent, dated Acre, May* 2, 1799.

[l] "Lieutenant WRIGHT, who commanded the seamen pioneers, notwithstanding he "received two shot in his right arm as he advanced, entered the mine with the pikemen, "and proceeded to the bottom of it, where he verified its direction, and destroyed all that "could be destroyed in its then state, by pulling down the supporters. Colonel DOUGLAS "supported the seamen in this desperate service, with his usual gallantry, under the in-"creased fire of the enemy, bringing off Lieutenant WRIGHT, who had scarcely strength

Or when the batter'd [m] tow'r they storm,
They still find SIDNEY on his guard,
Above or under ground prepar'd,
Skilful to make the batter'd wall
Hasten the rash assailant's fall,
While in the mines the foes design'd,
They but their own graves often find,
Or when they 're sprung, they seem but sprung to raise
Louder reports of SIDNEY's well-earn'd praise.

ODE XXV.

ON LIEUTENANT BURKE's ACHIEVEMENT, IN BOURNOEUF-BAY,

ON THE

COAST OF FRANCE,

July 2, 1800.

I.

FORTUNE assists the brave, and yields
Her never-failing aid,
From storms her arm her fav'rite shields,
Her hands from sun-beams shade;

" left to get out of the enemy's trench." Sir SIDNEY SMITH's Letter, *April* 7, 1799. No words can do justice to the merits of Colonel PHILIPEAUX, who, on this occasion, fell a sacrifice to his zeal for the service.

[m] " Nothing but desperation can induce them (the French) to make the sort of attempts " they do to mount a breach, practicable only by the means of scaling ladders, under " such a fire as we pour in upon them; and it is impossible to see the lives, even of our " enemies, thus sacrificed, and so much bravery misapplied, without regret."

Sir Sidney Smith's Letter, *May* 2, 1799.

And in the deathful storms of war
The well-aim'd shafts that fly afar,
  Repell'd by Fortune's seven-fold targe,
Or fall innoxious to the ground,
Or give a superficial wound,
  His spreading fame t'enlarge.

II.

When BURKE the [a] crowded deck assail'd,
  And charg'd the well-arm'd throng,
Their blows, tho' hundreds, on him hail'd,
  Their blows they all aim'd wrong;
For through the throng he cut his way,
And bore the hostile bark away,
  Their whizzing balls tho' cannons show'r'd,
And France with indignation sees
Her vessels borne o'er British seas,
  In British harbours moor'd.

III.

But France with unavailing woe
  Mourns the untimely fall
Of her scar'd sons that fled the blow,
  And fled the flying ball;
For cowards while they seek to shun
The keen-edg'd sword, or murd'ring gun,
  Betray an uncollected mind,
By their own terrors are destroy'd,
And meet the ball they would avoid,
  The death they fly from find.

[a] A ship of war, of 20 guns, a lugger, of 12, two gun-boats and a lugger, of 6 guns each, and fifteen vessels loaded with provisions, were taken, and burnt, by the boats of the *Renown*, *Fisgard*, and *Defence*, under the command of Lieutenant H. BURKE.

VI.

Again in [o] Vigo's far-fam'd port
BURKE Gallia's sons assails,
Tho' moor'd beneath a friendly fort,
Its friendship nought avails;
And nought avail the iron show'rs
A neighb'ring batt'ry fiercely pours,
Nor yet the num'rous well-arm'd foe,
The well-arm'd foe the victors rout,
Rush on their vessel with a shout,
And from its moorings tow.

VII.

But see the gallant leader bleeds,
Altho' he won the day,
Fortune to aggrandize his deeds,
His valour to display,
Permits a trivial wound to grieve
The friends that wish that he may live
To triumph o'er his country's foes,
To gain a still more envied name,
The honours of his well-earn'd fame
With happiness to know.

o "I placed them under the direction of Lieutenant BURKE, of the *Renown*, whose "gallant conduct has so often merited your commendation. About forty minutes past "twelve they attacked her (*La Guipe*, of 22 guns, and 161 men) with the greatest "bravery, meeting with desperate resistance; her commander having laid the hatches "over to prevent her people giving way, and cheered as the boats advanced; but notwith-"standing this determined opposition, she was carried in fifteen minutes. I am sorry to "add, Lieutenant BURKE has received a severe wound, but I hope not dangerous."

Captain Hood's Letter to Admiral Sir J. B. Warren, Vigo-Bay, August 30, 1800.

ODE XXVI.

ON CAPTAIN SIR E. HAMILTON's

Boarding the [p] Hermione, *of* 32 *guns, at the head of sixty men, and carrying her against* 300 *Spaniards, and cutting her out of* Porto Cavallo, *in the night, though at Anchor, under a very formidable Battery,* October 25, 1799.

I.

STAY, stay your ruthless hands, nor shed
That sacred blood, your chieftain's blood,
Those bosoms for your country bled,
Stain not by such foul work the flood;
That blood for vengeance soon shall call
The sword of Justice soon shall fall
On each curs'd head that bade them bleed,
On each curs'd hand that wrought the murd'rous deed.

II.

Ungen'rous foes, and can you aid
The vile assassin's coward blow?
And prize the gifts a traitor made,
Who bade his master's heart-blood flow?
And without horror can you tread,
Those boards now loaded with the dead,
Those boards yet tarnish'd with the blood
Of youthful warriors, guiltless, great, and good.

[p] The ship's company of the *Hermione* (originally an English ship of war) had risen on their officers, and had murdered them, with some circumstances of barbarous and atrocious cruelty, too shocking to relate, and had given up the vessel to the Spaniards, who instead of lending their aid to punish so cruel an outrage on humanity, accepted the vessel, and, for a time, protected the offenders; but the hand of divine Justice soon reached them, and they have now nearly all suffered for their crimes.

III.

Hear ye not at still midnight hours,
What dismal voices wound your ears?
Proceed they from some heav'nly Pow'rs,
Or slain chiefs' ghosts, or guilty fears?
Or is it Justice that would try,
By solemn warnings from the sky
To move fell Av'rice to restore
The plunder treason yielded to her pow'r?

IV.

But fell AV'RICE is slow to hear
Wisdom's advice, or Virtue's calls!
JUSTICE at length incens'd draws near,
And on her head resistless falls:
Insatiable unfeeling foes,
Learn from such [q] Heav'n-avenging blows,
That Virtue e'en in war can own
But just and honourable deeds alone.

V.

Retain ye yet the guiltful prize?
See HAMILTON at Heav'n's command
The fire of vengeance in his eyes,
The sword of JUSTICE in his hand,
Springing indignant on your deck,
What can his wrathful ardour check?
What, self-convicted foes, can face
An angel punishing a barb'rous race?

[q] It should be a warning to all who engage in such crimes to reflect, that Providence seems, by extraordinary interpositions, to have discovered the mutineers of the *Danae*, and all the ringleaders engaged in such foul transactions this war, and to have brought them to condign punishment.

VI.

Have your prais'd batteries no power?
Are all your vauntings empty words?
And can three hundred to three score
Resign, without a blush, their swords?
Yes, [r] swords and batteries are vain,
And well-arm'd troops an useless train
Against the show'r that Justice sheds
At Honour's sacred call, on guilty heads.

VII.

Learn hence proud Spain, and Britain's foes,
Never to use the traitor's art,
By Justice guided Britain knows
To reach, tho' arm'd, the guilty heart,
Nor dangers, nor dark hours appal
Her brave bands, rais'd at Honour's call;
Nor numbers, nor superior force,
Can stop her naval phalanx in its course.

[r] The Spaniards were armed, and prepared for the attack, yet the valour and intrepidity of the British bore down every oppoſition. The batteries and vessels in the harbour fired on them, but the English succeeded in carrying her out without any material damage. The enemy had one hundred and nineteen killed, and ninety-seven wounded; of the British, only twelve were wounded. The vessel is now called the RETRIBUTION: Capt. E. HAMILTON was created a Knight, and has the honour of a gold medal for the recapture of her. "October 25, 1800, Captain Sir EDWARD HAMILTON (whose brilliant exploit in cut-"ting out the *Hermione*, happened that very day twelvemonth) dined at the Mansion-"house, London. The Chamberlain of the City delivered the Freedom of the City to him "in a gold box, and the thanks of the Corporation for his conduct in an action, which, "in the language of Sir Hyde Parker, *must ever rank among the foremost of the gallant* "*actions executed this war.*"

ODE XXVII.

ON THE TAKING OF THE

LA DESIRÉE, of 40 *Guns,*

BY BOARDING,

BY THE DART SLOOP, of 30 *Guns,*

CAPTAIN P. CAMPBELL,

July 8, 1800.

I.

CAMPBELL, a race long known to Fame,
For many a gallant action prais'd,
Whose deeds threw splendour round the name,
And the brave Chief to honour rais'd;
Again with martial ardour glows,
Again unrivall'd glory knows,
Again adorns the noble race
With fresh wreaths form'd the laurell'd head to grace.

II.

Secure at anchor, Gallia's sons,
(No foe in view, no danger nigh,
Their ship well mann'd, and thund'ring guns,
All rang'd in proper order by,
And *Dunkirk's* friendly port at hand,
Moor'd near their own vain-glorious land,)
Thought all England's efforts vain,
To cloud their boasted Safety's brilliant reign.

III.

But, Gallia's sons, your hopes are lost,
If with Old England's fleet at war,
You e'er of safety hope to boast
From the tried fire that wounds afar,
Or from the sudden close attack
Which these resistless warriors make;
No! Gallia's boastful sons, with these,
The only hope of safety is in Peace!

IV.

Trust not to cannons, or to swords,
Or fortresses, tho' wall'd and large,
A batt'ry no defence affords,
Against a fearless Briton's charge;
Your well-mann'd vessels and their guns,
Prove but a prey to Britain's sons,
See, CAMPBELL comes, and sword in hand,
Strikes terror thro' your agitated band.

V.

Dauntless his hardy warriors sweep
The ruffled surface of the main,
Braving the dangers of the deep,
And all the arms ye boast in vain,
O'er [s] your ship's sides they hew their way,
Like lions rushing on their prey,
And all their steps with carnage mark,
Rout your whole force, and bear away your bark.

[s] The *La Desirée*, national frigate, of 40 guns, long twenty-four pounders on the main deck, with a complement of 330 men, was boarded in *Dunkirk Roads*, *July* 8, 1800, and, after a violent resistance, carried, and brought out of harbour. Lieutenant M'DER-

VI.

In triumph bear your ship away,
In spite of forts, and boasted arms,
Close to your shore, where batt'ries play,
Fill the whole region with alarms,
Lest those who thus on [t] vessels spring,
Might make your fenced cities ring
With their loud shouts, and mount your walls,
As from huge cannons rush resistleſs balls.

VII.

[u] CAMPBELL, the gallant deed is done,
Thy country celebrates thy name,
Reports of thy brave acts shall run,
Floating along the tide of Fame,
While thy prais'd country's foes shall hear,
And own from age to age their fear,
Lest other Campbells still should rise,
To storm their forts, and their arm'd barks ſurprize.

MOT, of the *Dart*, was wounded dangerously in the shoulder, and as it was feared that the prisoners, who were very numerous, would rally, Lieutenant PEARSE gallantly jumped on board, to afford him every assistance in his power.

[t] *La Poursuivante*, of 40 guns, *L'Incorruptible*, of 40, and *La Carmagnole*, of 50, and other vessels, were deſtroyed, or rendered unserviceable.

[u] "I did not think the enterprize of Sir EDWARD HAMILTON, or of Capt. CAMPBELL, "could have been rivalled, &c." *Earl St. Vincent's Letter, August* 4, 1800.

ODE XXVIII.

A CONSOLATORY ADDRESS

TO THE

FRENCH NATION,

On the Loss of the Le Cerbere, *taken by acting* Lieutenant COGHLAN,

July 29, 1800.

I.

GREAT nation, to whose boasted pow'r
All realms that like their heads may low'r,
And own your sov'reign sway;
While rougher Britain, like the wave
That swells, her bold bluff coast to lave,
Is seldom brought t' obey.

II.

It grieves, no doubt, all neighb'ring pow'rs,
To hear a ship so near your shores
Should be so intercepted;
But 'tis in vain to fume or fret,
For tho' your ship with dangers met,
[x] At sea they 're all excepted.

III.

'Tis said that COGHLAN took your ship,
That he surpriz'd her crew asleep,
At least, not quite awake;
And that it is his way at night,
To put good people in a fright,
And rove about, *to rake.*

[x] *The dangers of the sea excepted,* a common expression in bills of lading, &c.

IV.

While some say FALKNOR, SMITH, and he,
And HAMILTON, and two or three
Such youths, that had some merit,
Sat in the same [y] school, side by side,
And that it was their master's pride
To make them lads of spirit.

V.

Such sprightly youths, so taught, 'tis said,
Whate'er they did, were not afraid,
Or e'er, thro' dread, seen quaking;
Thus us'd to kicking up a dust
Uncheck'd, they, (as of course they must),
All grew much giv'n to *raking*.

VI.

Their poor friends sending them to sea
They seldom wanted there a plea
For being out o' nights,
Where oft in boats each thoughtless spark
Would thump ships quarters in the dark,
And give folks shocking frights.

VII.

Some of your vessels may have known
These sparks, when e'en to manhood grown,
Display uncommon fire,
Rouse up your seamen from their sleep,
And such a ceaseless riot keep,
They'd all your best men tire.

[y] Sir Sidney Smith, Sir E. Hamilton, the late gallant Captain Falknor, acting Lieutenant Coghlan, &c. are said to have been all brought up under Admiral Parker.

VIII.

Long us'd such company to keep,
No wonder he that took your ship,
Should be so giv'n to riot,
But altho' he 's so us'd to *rake*,
He oft finds out the way to make
Some of your sailors quiet.

IX.

He 's but a boy, 'twas all in fun,
Without a [z] cannon, or a gun,
He could not mean to rake her;
He took her but in jest, 'tis plain,
And you may have your ship again—
Whenever you can take her.

X.

What slyer plot could e'er be seen
Than a [a] net spread to take him in?
What thought could e'er be smarter?
For had the trap been duly set,
And had they caught him in the net,
They would have *caught a Tartar.*

XI.

As he is young you must excuse
These freedoms he is apt to use,
He may in time do better;

[z] He had only small arms in the boat, and only twelve men with him, the other boats not coming up in time; yet, with so inconsiderable a force, though thrice knocked back into the boat, he carried a ship, armed with ten guns, against eighty-seven men.

[a] "Unhappily, in the dark, jumping into a traul net, hung up to dry, he was pierced "through the thigh by a pike, and several of his men hurt, and all knocked back into the "boat." *Extract from Sir Edward Pellew's Letter, dated August* 1, 1800.

Haul up [b] near forts your ships at night,
Lest, should he find one more, he might
In the same manner treat her.

XII.

As for the gallant men you lost,
They might be napping at their post,
And nod against a sword;
Or, haply, in a sudden fright,
They might mistake things in the night,
And, so, jump over board.

XIII.

The difference was not so great
In numbers, when your crew were beat,
When [c] twenty beat fourscore;
For one brave Englishman of old
Could beat three Frenchmen, we are told,
And he beat only four.

XIV.

It is a mortifying thought
Your ship should thus away be brought
From under all your noses;

[b] "Sir, "*Royal George, at Sea, August* 4, 1800.

"I did not think the enterprize of Sir Edward Hamilton, or of Captain Campbell, "could have been rivalled, until I read the enclosed letter from Sir Edward Pellew, relating "the desperate service performed by acting Lieutenant COGHLAN, of the *Viper* cutter, on "the 29th of *July*. *Le Cerbere*, of three guns, twenty-four pounders, and four six "pounders, and eighty-seven men, in a naval port of difficult access, within *pistol shot* "*of three batteries*, surrounded by several armed craft, and not a mile from a seventy-four, "bearing an Admiral's flag, and two frigates, &c.

Earl St. Vincent's Letter, in the London Gazette.

[c] He had twenty men under his command, but not above twelve arrived in time, to share in the danger of the action.

But this was not the first bold spark
That stole a [d] *Cerberus* in the dark
By dint of proper doses.

XV.

But the poor d—ls of those times,
In pride, and subtilty, and crimes,
To you were but beginners;
And stealing *Cerberus* away
From them, was merely children's play
To robbing harden'd sinners.

XVI.

But grieve not for your ship, or men,
You may recover them *agen*,
If you conduct things right;
The ship you surely may re-take,
And in exchange such men get back—
As have surviv'd the fright.

XVII.

You are, great nation, it appears,
A race of rare philosophers
T' improve the world intended;
You, no doubt, have timely learn'd
To bear misfortunes unconcern'd—
When they cannot be mended.

[d] *Le Cerbere*, the French name for Cerberus, who had a sop thrown him, and was carried away by Hercules.

ODE XXIX.

ON A

TELEGRAPH

CARRIED AWAY IN THE NIGHT

By a party of British Seamen, who landed from their boats, on the Coast of France, *in the month of* August, 1800.

I.

" NO news arrives, no signal 's made,
" Whether our English Foes invade
" Our shores, and sack our cities?
" Or what bold plans they 're forming now?
" That we should all their motions know,
" Is what but right and fit is."

II.

So the Grand Consul spoke, and swore.
A messenger must seek the shore
" And see what there 's a doing;
" Whether the English all are drown'd,
" Or whether they 're in Plymouth-Sound,
" A drinking or a wooing."

III.

The messenger bestrides his steed,
And hastes with unexampled speed,
Where Telegraphs had been;
The English fleet appears in fight
Daring their frog-fed foes to fight,
No signal-house is seen.

IV.

He pries with circumspection round,
At last, asleep upon the ground,
The officer he finds
That us'd the Telegraph to trim,
And tell how English vessels swim,
Aided by waves and winds.

V.

He hastens near, and with his switch,
Gives him a sly lash o'er the breech,
" Holloa!" quoth he awaking,
" I'm glad 'tis you, I'm safe its plain,
" I thought the English come again,
" The fear hath set me quaking."

VI.

" You're glad 'tis I, your sleepy eyes
" Are hardly open yet," replies
The Courier in a passion;
" A pretty sentinel, to stand
" Here on the confines of the land,
" The watchman of the nation."

VII.

" Tho' rather free in your remark,"
The other cries, " when it was dark,
" (I'll tell you all th' affair,)
" The English landed, (as I found),
" And while I slept here on the ground
" They lessen'd much my care,

VIII.

" For from [e] boats, jumping sword in hand,
" They rush'd like lions up the land,
" And fell upon my shew-house,
" And cut it, workman-like, all round,
" And soon detach'd it from the ground,
" Completely, tho' a new house.

IX.

" Then bore it in their boats away,
" As some folks confidently say,
" For fuel for their kettle;
" Others affirm 't was all a whim,
" To let us, Frenchmen, know their trim,
" And let us see their metal.

X.

" The following morn, when I awoke,
" I soon found out th' ill-natur'd joke,
" Which gave me unknown pain;
" I was much mortified, 'tis true,
" But having nothing more to do,—
" I fell asleep again."

[e] A French signal-post being observed at a distance, from the English fleet cruizing on the coast of France, the feasibility of carrying it away was suggested by some of the young British officers. A party landed accordingly, in the night, and completely brought away, the Telegraph, signal-house, and all the French signals, while (as the accounts published in the periodical prints relate) the French officer, that superintended the Telegraph, was asleep at some distance. As this signal-post formed a part of a line of communication of some consequence, this incident put a total stop to that mode of conveying intelligence for some time, and caused a surprize and confusion that can be better conceived than described.

XI.

" A pretty tale, upon my word,
" But lest it should appear absurd,
" Should I attempt to tell it,"
The Courier cries, " with me you'll go,
" And tell the story of your show
" And what mishap befell it."

XII.

In state the French Grand Consul sat,
Dress'd in the *coustume*, and all that,
They both are introduc'd;
The story's told, the English blam'd,
Much the Grand Consul seems inflam'd,
The *show-man*'s much abus'd,

XIII.

" Now ar'nt you prettily disgrac'd!
" O'er a Telegraph to be plac'd!
" And let the English steal it?
" 'Tis a foul stain upon our fame,
" All the great Nation feel the shame,
" And, Sir, we'll make you feel it;"

XIV.

Quoth he, and bow'd, and made a leg,
" Your leave, one moment, Sire, I beg,
" I'll tell you but what's true;
" I was content when I awoke
" They had not, to complete the joke,
" Contriv'd to steal me too."

ODE XXX.

A LETTER

FROM THE

FRENCH MINISTER OF MARINE,

Giving an account of the excellent state of the Brest Fleet, *and their capacity to repel all the attacks of their foes,* while they remain in harbour.

I.

CITIZEN C——l, with what pride
I view our Fleet at anchor ride,
Each vessel in her station,
So well prepar'd they seem, and stout,
That while, in port, they 'll prove no doubt
The bulwark of the nation.

II.

For if our ships we duly arm,
And can but keep them safe from harm,
They 'll make a glorious show,
And in return cannot do less,
Than strive, at anchor, to repress
The ardour of the foe.

III.

Calm as Philosophers, and wise,
They their foes challenges despise,
And bravely stay at *Brest,*
Nor venture on th' treach'rous deep,
Where tempests oft whole squadrons sweep,
And hostile fleets infest.

IV.

But lest foes hither should resort,
And burn our val'rous ships in port,
Or with huge bullets wound them,
I've [f] three thousand guns at least,
Planted to guard our fleet at *Brest*,
With forts and batt'ries round them.

V.

Now, should the Britons try once more,
In spite of all our force on shore,
On our brave fleet to fall,
And thro' our line their vessels thrust,
As in *Aboukir's* fight, I trust,
They will not take it *all*.

VI.

[g] For tho' Great Britain rules the seas,
While our ships float in port at ease,
No danger they 'll endure,
And France may keep, I hope, and Spain,
Their fleets, while they in port remain,
From every foe secure.

[f] A letter from the Minister of Marine appeared in all the French papers, in the month of *September*, 1800, giving an account of the formidable state of the French fleet, and intimating "that it was all safe in *Brest* harbour, that there were batteries all round it, "and about three thousand cannons planted to guard it, that if the English should venture "to attack it at anchor, he hoped it would not prove an *Aboukir* business, &c."

[g] While the French Minister of Marine boasts of the strength and security of the *Brest* fleet, it is evident that he is not without his apprehensions, from the known intrepidity and enterprizing spirit of the British Navy.

VII.

Thus mothers, provident and deep,
All safe at home their children keep,
Or in snug corners stick 'em,
Lest should they rove about the street,
They with some accident might meet,
Or naughty boys might *lick 'em.*

ODE XXXI.

ON THE LATE UNPRECEDENTED

IMPRISONMENT OF BRITISH SEAMEN,

THE NORTHERN CONFEDERACY,

To shut all Harbours against the English, and supply their Enemies with Warlike Stores, &c.

Addressed to the Inhabitants of Great-Britain and Ireland.

Majores Vestri Sæpe mercatoribus, ac naviculatoribus injuriosius tractatis, bella gesserunt.
CICERO.

I.

BRITAIN, when from thy dearest shore
The bold ship parts, and tempts the main,
The brave confess Affection's pow'r,
Or feel Love's momentary pain,
What warrior leaves his native land
But thinks, as he forsakes the strand,

Of some fond relative, or faithful fair,
There left to heaven, and his country's care?
" Britain, for thee, whose healthful air,
" In early infancy I breath'd,
" To whose support, to whose kind care,
" Parting, I all I lov'd bequeath'd,
" While billows roll, or tempeſts blow,
" For thee I boldly brave the foe,
" In air while thy untarnish'd colours fly,
" Resolv'd for thee to conquer or to die.

II.

" Thou gav'st me birth, on thee I fed,
" Thy fruitful soil my wants supplied,
" On thy green lap I laid my head,
" Or climb'd some tow'ring mountain's side,
" And saw thy silver surges round,
" With the rich sails of commerce crown'd,
" And thought, when strength maturing years should lend,
" My arms thy wide dominions should defend;"
So when HOWE lower'd Gallia's pride,
Or when Spain own'd ST. VINCENT's pow'r,
When DUNCAN, Holland's courage tried,
Or NELSON charm'd the Ægyptian shore,
His voice each British hero rais'd,
And sang, as Britain's worth he prais'd,
" In air while thy untarnish'd colours fly,
" Resolv'd, for thee, I'll conquer, or I'll die.

III.

When Av'rice all [h] Amboyna round,
Her hands in British gore imbrued,
When [i] Gallia gave the treach'rous wound,
And stain'd the seas with British blood;
Or when imperious Spain of old,
Jealous of her ill-gotten gold,
Maim'd Albion's peaceful sons, [k] who pray'd
To Heav'n for mercy, and their friends for aid;
All that their country's name rever'd,
Or valued Honour's sacred name,
Indignant rose, in arms appear'd
To vindicate their country's cause;
And round thy standard, Britain, press'd,
And sang, the dictates of their breast,

[h] The cruelty of the Dutch in the island of *Amboyna*, in the year 1623, is known to every one, when, in order to get the Spice Trade into their own hands, they put several of the English factory to the torture, and to death, in a most barbarous and inhuman manner.

[i] At the commencement of the war before the last, several British vessels were wantonly attacked by the French in different parts of the world, some of the ships' companies killed, and the vessels taken possession of, before there was any public declaration of hostilities.

[k] Complaints were made of the cruelties practised by the Spaniards, on the captains, &c. of several British vessels trading near the Spanish main. Government was urged to demand satisfaction, during the administration of Sir Robert Walpole, and in order to prove the necessity of decisive measures, Captain Jenkins, among other British commanders, was examined before the House of Commons, in the course of whose examination it appeared, that the Spaniards had wantonly cut off his ears, and, in other respects, treated him with great indignity, and barbarous severity; and being asked by a Member, what he thought, while in their hands, he replied, "Thought? I looked up "to my God for mercy, and to my country for exemplary and national justice." *Smollet's History of England, &c.*

" In air while thy untarnish'd colours fly,
" Resolv'd, for thee, we'll conquer or we'll die.

IV.

And shall the tyrants of the north,
While ye in Europe's quarrels bleed,
Pour their vast stores profusely forth,
To arm your ruthless foes, or feed?
While you no friendly ports must know,
When surges swell, or tempests blow;
While in dark cells your injur'd brothers laid,
Lift their cold hands, and feebly cry for aid;
No, the fair isles' insulted sons
All rush to arms in martial throngs,
Join hands athwart their massy guns,
And vow t' avenge their brothers' wrongs;
And, Britain, swear thy foes shall feel,
Their just, their patriotic zeal,
In air while thy untarnish'd colours fly,
Resolv'd, for thee, to conquer or to die.

TALES.

TALE I.

THE FATAL TENDENCY OF INEBRIETY,

ADDRESSED TO BRITISH SAILORS.

OH! born to check the native pride
Of Britain's foes, and rule the tide
That wildly runs around the strand
Of val'rous Britain's fav'rite land,
Ye sons of Fortitude, who brave
The dangers of the swelling wave,
The raging storm, th'embattl'd train,
And all the perils of the main,
Oh! hear Affection's friendly voice,
Let early Virtue prove your choice,
And scorn, like Hercules of old,
The hand of Vice tho' deck'd with gold;
Tho' much she promises of bliss,
The sparkling glass, the balmy kiss,
'Tis all deceit, these are but baits
To tempt you to Perdition's gates,
Where doom'd to death, her victims lie,
And sink to deepest Imfamy.
Your dangers past, the voyage o'er,
In safety on your native shore,
The friendly treat, the cheerful glass,
In Virtue's presence well might pass,

But fly th' intoxicating drafts
Where Vice conceals her pois'nous shafts,
Which aim'd by unsuspected art,
Often wound fatally the heart.

Oft had lov'd WILLIAM plough'd the wave,
Oft had he shewn his heart was brave,
Oft had the foe his courage tried,
Oft had his blood the ocean dy'd,
And oft had raging seas, and storms,
And death array'd in thousand forms,
Prov'd the contexture of his breast,
And put his prowess to the test;
Oft had his friends admir'd his worth,
And own'd his liveliness and mirth,
As round the jovial bowl they sat,
And cheer'd their hearts with friendly chat,
Talk'd o'er the dangers of the main,
And fought their battles o'er again,
While each, to give their pleasure zest,
Drank to the mistress of his breast.
One morn, the furious storm of war
So long o'er ocean heard afar
Subsiding, and the calm of peace,
Smoothing once more the troubled seas,
WILLIAM receives his seven year's pay,
Th' earnings of many a boist'rous day,
With all the long-hop'd money too,
For shares in warlike prizes due,
Except what (as abuses stand),
Stuck to the agent's glut'nous hand,

Loaded with gold, he steps ashore,
And views his treasures o'er and o'er,
O'erhales his thoughts, and pumps his mind,
Some expeditious mode to find,
To squander with the greatest pleasure,
In shortest time his hard-earn'd treasure;
But e're he could the thing decide,
Love pours in, rushing like a tide,
Swells thro' his breast, and bears along,
His black-ey'd SUSAN, known in song;
Carried by love's resistless streams,
At once he floats upon the Thames,
Trips up the stairs, and seeks the street,
Where he and SUSAN us'd to meet,
And thinks with rapture on her charms,
Already clasps her in his arms;
Then, as his thoughts succeed in painting,
Feigns her with perfect pleasure fainting,
To find again her long lost love,
To find him true and constant prove,
And rich enough to take a wife,
And make them happy both for life.
But in the way Town-Syrens seize him,
And try so well their arts to please him,
That with enticing arts he's led,
Like a poor ox for slaughter fed,
To his sly tempters' fell abode,
Where streams of potent potions flow'd,
And tales, and songs, and jests went round,
Till WILLIAM's senses soon were drown'd,

His dress, his person, and his pay,
To his fierce captors prove a prey,
Who till a midnight hour keep him,
Then jointly strangle, rob, and strip him;
To a lone lane his body bear
Till morning's searching rays appear,
Where with amazement it is found,
And duly carried to be own'd.
SUSAN inform'd of his return,
(Her heart with apprehensions torn)
To seek him to all places flies,
At length to where his body lies
By chance repairs, and swoons away,
At sight of WILLIAM's lifeless clay.
Long long she felt, what lovers feel,
But what no language can reveal,
And mourn'd a deep internal wound,
But to her words no utt'rance found,
Till at the ebbing of her grief,
These heart-felt accents yield relief,
" Ah! WILLIAM, all thy dangers past,
" And is it thus thou fall'st at last?
" Sav'd where tempestuous oceans roll
" To die the victim of a bowl;
" Ah! fatal draughts, that thus could sever,
" Two such true love-lash'd hearts for ever;
" Thy absence long I bore with pain,
" But wishing thy return again,
" The pain was lost in hopes to prove,
" For years, thy fond, thy wedded love,

" But pale with death thy form I view,
" And in my dying moments rue,
" That curs'd [1] excess that mars more peace
" Than wars, or storms, or surgy seas."

TALE II.

THE ABSURDITY OF [m] PROFANE SWEARING,

OR THE

STORY OF BEN THE BOATSWAIN,

Addressed to British Seamen.

YE gen'rous sons of ocean, hear,
Nor treat with a contemptuous ear
The friendly counsels of the Muse
That all her tuneful skill would use
T'assert your rights, redress your wrongs,
And cheer your labours with her songs.

Ill habits oft in early years,
Like pois'nous weeds, or noxious tares,
Strike root so deep, and thrive so fast,
Scatt'ring fresh seeds at ev'ry blast,

[1] The British seamen are a most meritorious, but most thoughtless race, and it is an act of charity to prevent them from falling a prey to the artful and unprincipled, who are ever on the watch to allure and plunder them. A seaman, answering the description here given of him, was one evening, towards the conclusion of the last war, seen in the company of some women of the town, much intoxicated, his dead body was found the next morning, in a naked state, in the purlieus of Fleet-market.

[m] Vide an excellent discourse against swearing, in *Ramsay's Sermons to Sailors*, a book much praised, and highly valued, by every rational and well-informed British seaman.

That spite of all that you can do
They 'll gain new ground and vigour too,
And render all your efforts vain
To crush or root them out again,
Unless some sudden stroke annoy them
At once, like light'ning, and destroy them.

Train'd to the sea, and us'd to brave
The force and risk of wind and wave,
Bold BENJAMIN, while yet a lad,
Had such uncommon skill display'd,
That all his shipmates would admit
He for an officer was fit,
Which prov'd in time to be the case,
For he obtain'd a Boatswain's place,
Where he discover'd so much merit
That all the crew admir'd his spirit;
And in a gale of wind, or so,
They would allow him clever too,
For he could steer and heave the lead,
And it was confidently said,
That when required, on an occasion,
He could e'en try an observation;
In time he might have prov'd a master,
At least he might have risen faster,
But for one habit which he had
('Twas thought) contracted when a lad,
With so much violence he'd swear
Whene'er he spoke, 'twould shock your ear;

And then he no precaution took,
Whether the captain or the cook
He chanc'd to speak to, 'twas the same,
A broadside first of curses came,
And then an oath at ev'ry word,
Sometimes a second, and a third;
Such impious speech! no man could bear him,
'Twould wound a ruffian's ear to hear him;
E'en his best friends could not endure him,
Tho' they would often try to cure him.

One day, it happen'd, while engag'd
In battle, he was so enrag'd
That he began to curse and swear,
As if some Demon had been there;
Such blasphemies and imprecations
He utter'd, 'twould have sunk whole nations,
Had not a timely musket ball
Completely stopp'd his oaths and all;
For, passing thro' it as he swore,
It fill'd his mouth with blood and gore,
Depriv'd him for some time of breath,
And brought him to the jaws of death;
For tho' the Surgeon's skill was tried,
And ev'ry remedy applied,
His case so desperate appear'd,
His friends his dissolution fear'd;
One night while fev'rish grown, and lying
On his sick couch, and nearly dying,

Worn out with pain he fell asleep
And dream'd of Hell immense and deep,
And thought he saw a flaming sea
Heated to such a great degree,
That all the brimstone rocks around,
Burning for many a league were found;
Demons, like fishermen, seem'd plying
About, to catch fresh souls for frying;
And one he thought had seized on him,
" And bade him haste through flames to swim,
" That he, for his known skill in swearing,
" Might shew him Pandemonium's bearing;
" And as he knew the language well,
" Might sue for a snug birth in hell;"
That standing on the flaming shore,
He heard the fiery surges roar,
While the fiend dragg'd him to the sea;
But that, while struggling to get free,
He saw a beauteous angel near,
Who, at his danger dropp'd a tear,
Approach'd, and gently seiz'd his hand,
Clearing of all the fiends the strand;
Then kindly spoke with accents mild,
" You have been profligate and wild;
" But as your thoughtlessness might be
" The cause of your depravity,
" I'm sent to ask if you'll reform,
" If rescued from the present storm—
" Reform! upon my ——" " Do not swear,"
He thought the angel with a tear

Replied, " for this mean vice must be
" Offensive to the Deity,
" Must prove the miserable source
" Of many a sin, and many a curse,
" Produce much wrong, and by degrees
" Lead to *false oaths*, and perjuries;
" Wound Piety and Virtue's ear,
" And low'r the human character,
" No realm that harbours it can thrive,
" No man that's given to it should live."
BEN, dreading present punishment,
Thought that he said he would repent,
But fearing to transgress again,
Wak'd in a fright, and felt his pain,
And while he liv'd, retain'd in mind
His Saviour's conduct, good and kind;
The flaming sea, and black fiends tearing
Souls doom'd to misery for swearing;
And now much chang'd in mind and feature,
And looking like a human creature,
He found (recov'ring strength and spirit),
Promotion equal to his merit.

TALE III.

ON GRATITUDE TO THE DEITY

For Preservation from Danger, and the Propriety of the due Observation of a Day dedicated to religious Purposes.

STORY OF EDWARD THE PIOUS SEAMAN.

HOW pleasant, when a storm is o'er,
The sun-shine of a tranquil hour,
When the tempestuous wave subsides,
And the ship now at anchor rides,
And each tir'd seaman at his ease
Lies basking in the solar rays!
How pleasant to the feeling heart
When a friend acts the gen'rous part,
Assists in danger or distress,
Gives to the poor or pennyless;
Defends when injur'd or traduc'd,
Or nobly rescues when abus'd;
How pleasant to the thoughtful mind
A seasonable hour to find
To pour out all the thanks that rest
Like burthens on the grateful breast!

After a week's incessant toil,
Vexation, trouble, and turmoil,
Fatigue by day, alarms by night,
And many a squall's outrageous spite;
How beautiful the morn appears
That gives a respite to our cares,

That yields a leisure hour or two,
That brings sublimer things to view,
More real good, more perfect bliss,
Than trifles of a world like this,
Where sorrow 's mix'd with ev'ry joy,
And ev'ry good has its alloy,
And where to gratify the mind
The wise some better prospects find,
Where Hope the restless soul employs
On paths that lead to endless joys.

When sav'd by some immortal pow'r,
In the fierce fight's eventful hour,
In raging hurricanes and storms
When darkest night the sky deforms,
Where sunken rocks, amidst the main,
Render all human foresight vain,
What thoughtful mind, what grateful heart,
But pants, its feelings to impart?
And pay to that immortal Pow'r
The tribute of a pious hour?
Where thanks with fervency express'd,
Is rapture to the feeling breast,
Where the ship's different ensigns shine,
And join'd, to form a dome combine,
Which shades the [n] checquer'd deck below,
And shows the tints that rainbows show,

[n] When prayers are read on board a ship of war, the ship's colours are spread over the netting above the quarter-deck, which, while they neither *quite indulge*, nor *quite repress the light*, have an awful and pleasing effect. The deportment of the sailors, during Divine Service,

A solemn awning archwise spread
O'er the adoring seaman's head,
A floating Abbey's painted nave,
Which with its colours dyes the wave,
And flings o'er ev'ry object round
A solemn gloom, an awe profound,
Where the ship's company appear,
Each in his proper character,
With pleasing simple-neatness dress'd
In well wash'd hose, and Sunday vest,
To join in grateful unfeign'd pray'r
To that great Pow'r that form'd the air,
That rais'd the rocks, that rules the waves,
And those who travel o'er them saves,
And who in battle knows to spread
His broad shield o'er the warrior's head,
And what hard heart that knows the woes,
That the tried seaman often knows
E'er view'd this solemn scene but grew
Thoughtful, devout, and grateful too;
EDWARD, an able seaman, lov'd
By all who seamanship approv'd,

is truly exemplary. For whether it proceeds from discipline, or from whatever cause, it is universally admitted by those who have been present on such occasions, that no congregation can discover more attention, or more apparent devotion. Though seamen are usually considered as a thoughtless race, they are certainly, in general, much better informed than any other class of people of the same rank in life. And the observations they have made during long voyages, the dangers they have witneſſed, and the *hair-breadth escapes* they have experienced, have had on many a very proper effect, in improving their minds, and ameliorating their hearts.

Who whether rough or smoothe the sea,
Whether o'ercast or clear the day,
Or whether storms blew loud and shrill,
Seem'd cheerful and good-humour'd still;
The foremost at his duty found,
But e'er the * last to quit his ground
When foe appear'd, or dangers press'd,
Or tempests tried the val'rous breast;
No vicious deeds his conduct stain'd,
No guilty thoughts his bosom pain'd,
A life without offences led,
Made him face perils without dread,
And his brave mind above the fear
That marks a grov'lling character,
Gave him with just contempt to treat
The impious heart's absurd deceit,
That would in tempests heav'n adore,
And slight it when the danger 's o'er;
For as on shore, at sea are found
Some who spread Folly's whimsies round;
But EDWARD never seem'd asham'd,
When Heav'n the raging tempest calm'd;
Or gave him from the battle's fire
Again in safety to retire,

* It is remarked in the *Earl of Dorset's Miscellanies*, that the man the most remarkable for personal courage was an old seaman noted for his piety. And in a hurricane, or inevitable danger, it is generally observed, that profligate men, of boisterous spirits, at other times, prove the first victims of despair, and run to the officer's liquor cases to drown their fears. While the steady seamen of the old school, supported by the hopes of a manly and rational religion, though they calmly resign themselves to the will of Heaven, remain active, intrepid, collected, and persevering at their duty, and have often proved instrumental in saving the ship, when others had given her up for lost.

To praise that Pow'r that gave him breath,
And in storms rescu'd him from death.

One Sunday morn, the boat now mann'd,
And all the party's pleasures plann'd,
EDWARD was ask'd to join the rest,
And with renew'd intreaties press'd,
The day to jollity to give,
With a choice few that knew to live;
But tho' vivacious oft and gay,
He lov'd the duties of the day,
And much more satisfaction found,
From treading Virtue's sacred ground
Than in imaginary bliss,
To riot on a day like this,
Therefore declin'd their invitation:
They leave the ship with execration
And swearing, cry, " then leave him there
" To all the extacy of pray'r,"
Then to their fancied bliss they fly
On wings of treach'rous Gaiety,

EDWARD resolv'd his mind to please,
In cheerful innocence and ease,
Attends the hours to duty due
With ev'ry honourable view;
Then gives the rest to meditation,
To books, or harmless conversation;
And, as the cheerful evening ends,
Looks with impatience for his friends;

But no friends came, no boat appear'd,
No tidings of their haunts were heard,
'Till in the morning it was found
The boat was swamp'd, and all were drown'd;
" Unhappy youths," he sighing cried,
" Ye liv'd in error and ye died;
" Ye still had breath'd the vital air
" Had the day's duties prov'd your care."

TALE IV.

THE REWARDS OF FIDELITY,

OR THE INEVITABLE CONSEQUENCE OF

MUTINY AND DISOBEDIENCE.

BASE Calumny's reproachful tongue
Will never cease to censure wrong,
Nor to the worthiest and the best
T' attribute crimes which they detest,
But with fell force and factious cries
Against authority to rise
Is a foul play, in which the heart
Of seamen scorns to act a part,
And such an odious tragic scene
In British ships could ne'er be seen,
Or if such a thing was said,
Slander, no doubt, the story spread,
Or vile incendiaries disguis'd
In seamen's dress the crime deviz'd;
Tho' a ship once ('tis stated) bound
To the wide waste where thieves are found,

By such a tragedy was stain'd,
Which many a gen'rous bosom pain'd;
For rogues who had imbib'd on shore
Contempt for every legal pow'r,
Resolv'd at sea to point the sword
Against the heart of all on board
Who would not ev'ry effort use
To favour their seditious views;
By dint of treachery and oaths
A wretch or two in seamen's clothes
Were led to aid to calm alarms,
And find them necessary arms.
Under these odious traitors care,
Allow'd one day to take the air,
When all was calm from stern to prow,
And ev'ry officer below,
With hideous yells they wildly ran
To perpetrate their barbarous plan;
A convict of superior parts,
Whose soul disdain'd their treach'rous arts,
Was the first victim doom'd to die,
On him they rush'd, his watchful eye
Their murderous design perceiv'd;
A pond'rous handspike's weight he heav'd,
And fell'd, with a continuous wound,
The first assailant to the ground;
And in the gangway's narrow pass,
Contending with the mut'nous race,
And calling clam'rously for aid,
Nobly the champion's part he play'd,

'Till follow'd by a faithful band;
The dauntless captain, sword in hand,
Rush'd forward at th' alarming cry,
Resolv'd to conquer or to die;
A dreadful combat now ensued
'Till all the rebels were subdued,
And each base wretch, from whose address
The mutineers had hop'd success,
Seeing their error, when too late,
Met at the yard-arm with their fate.
The faithful [p] robber now caress'd,
Who first the mutiny suppress'd,
The champion of the ship 's declar'd,
And counts a hundred crowns reward,
And the perilous voyage o'er,
Is pardon'd, prais'd, and arm'd with pow'r.

Thus the repenting convict train
When faithful found, may honour gain;
While guiltless men who lend their aid
T' abet the traitor in his trade,
Sooner or later feel the woe
That mutiny and treason know.

[p] The convicts rose on the officers during their voyage to Botany-Bay; G. Barrington, one of the number, because he had refused to join them, was the first person marked for destruction. But seizing a handspike, he defended himself so well, that the captain and the other officers had time to arm themselves, and hasten to his assistance. The mutiny, after a desperate resistance, was suppressed, and some of the ship's company, who had joined the mutineers, were punished at the yard-arm, while Barrington, who had assisted in quelling the mutiny, and in saving the ship, was rewarded, pardoned, and preferred.—*Vide the Life of Barrington, and his Voyage to Botany-Bay.*

TALE V.

THE DANGERS OF DESERTION;

OR,

THE GOLDEN CHAIN AND THE WOODEN LEG.

WHENE'ER his King and Country calls
For aid from England's wooden walls,
To ward off the perfidious blows
Of foreign or domestic foes,
A British seaman scorns to shrink,
But boldly runs to danger's brink
To save his native land, and show
What passions in his bosom glow,
The love of honourable fame,
And hatred of a traitor's name,—
When Britain all her foes repays,
And her untarnish'd flag displays,
And triumphs all the world around,
What British seaman e'er was found
Who meanly would [1] desert and sneak,
Lest a French staff his head should break?
Or sure if such a miscreant lives,
He's always scorn'd, and never thrives.
HENRY and SIGISMUND had tried
Together many an adverse tide,
In the same warlike ship had known
Many an angry tempest's frown,

[1] Vide an excellent discourse on the evil tendency of desertion, in *Ramsay's Sermons to Seamen.*

When one night, led by vicious friends,
A party SIGISMUND attends
To shore, who cut away the barge,
Desert the ship, and rove at large;
Then when their wealth is gone, resort
To ev'ry mischief for support.
The vessel sails, a Spanish prize
From ACAPULCO glads their eyes.
A glorious fight ensues, and fate
Bids conquest on the Britons wait,
Who, a fine golden harvest reap,
And loads of wealth on HENRY heap,
Who had superior valour shown,
And made the victory their own;
To shew their gratitude, his neck
With a rich golden chain they deck,
And their brave shipmate's worth reward
With ev'ry mark of their regard.
The war now o'er, the prize well sold,
HENRY on shore enjoys his gold,
And showers on the virtuous poor
The blessings of his copious store.
By chance a vagrant us'd to beg,
In rags, and with a wooden leg,
Accosts him, and submissly prays
He'd kindly think of former days,
E'er Fortune, like a partial mother,
Had favour'd one and scourg'd the other;
HENRY 's surpriz'd, for scarce a trace
Of former features marks his face—

'Tis SIGISMUND, who, sighing, hears
His friend's success, with jealous tears,
Laments his own untoward fate,
Then he tries, weeping, to relate
What griefs, what woes, desertion wrought,
And to what mis'ry he was brought,
How all his vicious friends deceiv'd him,
And how a privateer receiv'd him,
Where he had great achievements done,
And many a battle lost and won,
But lost at last his leg, and lay
In foreign prison many a day;
And then he paints the joys reserv'd
For those who faithfully have serv'd,
While those, like him, who basely fly,
In sorrow live, in mis'ry die;
Now HENRY to relieve him tries,
But, knowing well his faults, replies,
" If all your tale be true, my lad,
" No wonder you 're so meanly clad,
" For their *backs* oft those rogues betray,
" That from their colours run away."

TALE VI.

THE DANGEROUS TENDENCY OF INCONTINENCE AND ILLICIT AMOURS.

THE dangers of the voyage o'er,
The seaman now return'd to shore,
How oft the gold acquir'd by toil
Is laid out on a barren soil
That no productive harvest knows,
Or yields but miseries and woes!
Some artful courtezan appears,
Melts at the sight in joyous tears
When first the wand'ring sailor lands
With splendid presents in his hands,
Falls on his neck with such feign'd love
As might a Hermit's virtue prove,
Pities his suff'rings, feels his pain,
And swears that seeing him again
Gives her poor heart more real pleasure
Than all the world, and all its treasure;
And plays so skilfully her part,
He never once suspects her art,
She loves but him—but him—alone—
'Till all his hard-earn'd treasure 's gone,
Then she abruptly takes her leave,
And—hastens others to deceive:
And happy must the man appear
That thus escapes her treach'rous snare.

The Peace now sign'd, his wages paid,
A seaman once a visit made
To the sworn mistress of his heart,
Who never play'd an artful part,
Who, (if her words could be believ'd),
Had ne'er prov'd false, had ne'er deceiv'd,
But always lov'd him, as herself,—
Whene'er he brought her store of pelf,
She was all rapture, lost in pleasure,
And doated on him beyond measure;
For forming from his splendid dress
Of his unusual wealth a guess,
She seems to feel Love's ardent pow'r,
Livelier than e'er she'd done before;
Joy, passion, transports so sincere,
In all she says, or does, appear,
That feeling for the poor fond creature,
He trembles for exhausted nature,
Lest wrought to extacies so high
She thro' excess of joy might die;
The tempest of her pleasure past,
A cheerful calm succeeds at last,
Kind looks, and tender conversation,
Promise more durable flirtation,
While ev'ry fascinating part
Is acted to secure his heart;
'Till at length, conquer'd by her charms,
He falls a captive in her arms,
Resigns, by kind intreaties press'd,
To her the secrets of his breast;

Tells all his wealth, and how acquir'd,
And what fond thoughts his bosom fir'd;
She hears him coolly, seems to muse,
" Truly rejoices that his cruise
" Had prov'd so profitable to him,
" As some perhaps for wealth might woo him—
" But for her part her conduct prov'd
" It was his person that she lov'd."
The ev'ning trifled thus away,
In all that lovers do or say,
While th' oft replenish'd glass is found
To hasten its bewitching round,
Black Night arrives, and on her wings
Far other cares and projects brings,
When the charm'd fair, that she might prove
Her fond disinterested love,
Proposes " a grave retir'd walk
" Conducive to impassion'd talk,
" Where no sly eye, or curious ear,
" Intrusively could see or hear,
" Save some lone plaintive bird's whose strain,
" Expressive of a lover's pain,
" Might less affected breasts inspire
" With pow'rs to vent their love-lit fire;
" For pensive lovers often find,
" When fair the night, and calm the wind,
" Near some dark solitary wood,
" (The moon's beams trembling o'er the flood,)
" How pleasing all the scene appears
" To am'rous hopes and am'rous fears;

" And when depriv'd of him, she said,
" Her vows she often here had paid,
" Now what a triumph o'er her pain
" *With him* to tread these walks again."

Tho' late, and odd the proposition,
He's ready for the expedition,
Admires her taſte, and much commends her,
And with prompt gallantry attends her;
For ladies' wishes, lovers say,
Are edicts which they must obey.

They soon arrive, and praise the scene,
The night how temp'rate, how serene!
How silent the secluded grove!
How friendly to the reign of love!
What dear soft things the fair nymph said!
How tenderly her part she play'd!
How her pat words claim'd admiration!
The scene seem'd full of inspiration!
When sudden—to her great surprize,
The dame another party spies,—
She's much alarm'd, but calms her fears
Soon as their accents strike her ears,
" The voice—the persons too are known,
" The dame a cousin of her own,
" The beau a gentleman—by birth—
" But his means slend'rer than his worth;
" No doubt, he settles with his dear,
" Wedlock's preliminaries here."

Such her account, the parties join,
They all agree the night is fine,
That 'tis a most romantic place,
Well form'd for soft love's pensive race;
And then the seaman 's introduc'd,
The navy's prais'd, their foes abus'd,
And many a shrewd remark is made,
And many a compliment is paid;
While as their talk the time deceives
The mind, the walk 's length less perceives,
'Till, as they reach a gloomy spot,
The beaux in argument grow hot;
Words follow words, and harsh expressions
Preclude all reas'nable concessions;
When, as their passions rise, they fight,
The dames feign terror at the sight,
And ev'ry sign of sorrow show,
But slyly aid their batter'd beau,
Who soon had sunk, did not a sword
His cane conceal'd, its help afford,
While suddenly th' ensanguin'd ground
Betrays the seaman's treach'rous wound,
Whose courage, rous'd at danger, shows
He yet may rout his wily foes;
Near a tremendous steep he stands,
And o'er it with united hands
He's urg'd, and rolls from rock to rock;
The stain'd earth trembles at the shock,
The heav'ns low'r at the deed, and night
Grows tenfold blacker at the sight.

Swift the fell harpies now descend,
And ruthlessly their victim rend;
Foremost his trait'rous mistress flies,
And falls, regardless of his cries,
On her maim'd prey, insults his pains,
And tears out what of life remains,
Smiles dreadful o'er her murd'rous toil,
Calls her associates to the spoil,
Divides his treasures, and departs,
[r] Boasting the triumphs of her arts.

" Unhappy wretch," her victim cried,
In broken accents as he died,
" Can female hearts thus cruel prove?
" Is this the boasted fruit of love?
" No—love adorns the virtuous fair,
" Who uncorrupted angels are!
" The fallen fair prove surely worse
" Than devils, and a greater curse,
" Destroy more wretches by their smiles,
" Than Satan by his hell-taught wiles."

[r] Seamen, from their generous unsuspecting disposition, and their ignorance of artful town intrigues, constantly become the prey of the vicious and the abandoned, and it is an act of humanity, as well as duty, to preserve them as much as possible from ruin and destruction. At the last peace, 1783, a marine, who had just received his pay and prize-money, was seen at *Portsmouth* in company with a girl of the town, with whom he had been used to associate. He had been overheard boasting to her of his wealth, which, besides trinkets, and some valuable articles he had purchased, amounted to seventy-five guineas in gold. At a late hour he was observed walking on the ramparts with his *fair friend*, attended by a man, and another woman of the town. The next morning he was found robbed and murdered near the walls, and from several circumstances that appeared in evidence, it was concluded that he had been first stabbed, and then pushed off the ramparts.

ELEGY

ON THE DEATH OF THE

HONOURABLE SAMUEL BARRINGTON,

Admiral of the White Squadron, and General of Marines, who died at Bath, *August* 16, 1800, *in the* 71*st year of his age.*

MAN's destin'd fate, no talents can delay,
No cunning hinder, and no valour stay,
And all life's seas their fix'd restriction know,
" Here, and no further, shall your surges flow;"
Death's certain tide its settl'd hour knows,
And true to the appointed moment flows,
And swallows in its overwhelming flood
The old, the young, the vicious, and the good,
'Till in oblivion's boundless ocean lost,
The world 's depriv'd of all the world could boast;
And as celestial influences guide
Our life's floods rise, or readily subside,
Urg'd by no storms, and by no tempests mov'd,
But the fix'd storm by heav'n itself approv'd;
For oft by heav'n's unchangeable decrees,
Preserv'd amidst the dangers of the seas,
Preserv'd in battle from the slaught'ring show'rs,
The foe's fierce squadron obstinately pours;
Preserv'd for years from pestilence or pain,
In climes where fevers and contagions reign,
On his own couch in dignity and ease,
Wrapt in the arms of Piety and Peace,
Mature in age, the gallant warrior lies,
And feels the force of Nature's tender ties;

His old tried friends, and relatives around,
To soothe with friendship's animating sound,
Or soft to fan declining nature's fires,
Or please with converse ev'n when converse tires;
Then, as life ebbing, owns the hour of death,
Languor's pale lip, and dolour's panting breath,
With trembling hands to close his dying eyes,
And ease his spirit, flutt'ring for the skies,
Display the glories of his active days,
His failings lessen, and his virtues praise;
Provide the honours that the dying bears,
His reliques lave with sympathizing tears,
Dwell with just fondness on his former worth,
And gently lay him in the lap of earth.
Thus, tho' repeatedly by clouds obscur'd,
And many a show'r, and many a storm endur'd,
The sun of life, its fix'd duration past,
Sets in majestic splendidness at last;
Destin'd, tho' hid a little from our eyes,
Shortly with greater splendor still to rise.
Thus many a conflict, many a tempest tried,
Heroic BARRINGTON with calmness died,
By Friendship honour'd, by Affection mourn'd,
And by fond relatives in peace inurn'd;
The fair Fame valued his past life obtain'd,
And the bliss hop'd for in the future gain'd.
For his fame's growing lustre with its rays,
All realms illumin'd, and diffus'd his praise,
And all the various regions of the earth,
His labours witness'd, and confess'd his worth.

With Pride, *St. Lucia* might remember still
His courage, care, and admirable skill,
When the foe's squadron, of superior force,
Repell'd by him, or check'd, or chang'd its course,
His brav'ry felt, and prudently retir'd,
And curs'd the gallantry its heart admir'd,
For ev'n in foes, when brighter fire is found,
Tho' the blow 's dreaded, yet the valour 's own'd.
By him protected, Britain saw her trade,
All oceans traverse, and all realms pervade,
And found, where'er her well-known flag appear'd
Her fleets respected, and her name rever'd;
He lower'd oft the haughty Spaniard's pride,
When, his vast vessel tow'ring o'er the tide,
He plough'd with such tyrannic sway the waves,
As if mankind were born to be his slaves,
And stopp'd or harrass'd Albion's trade, and hail'd
In furious language all that near him sail'd;
But our brave Briton gentler words procur'd,
And Pride's intolerable frenzy cur'd,
And shew'd Old England that her ships again
Might sail with safety near the Spanish main,
For the strong reasons BARRINGTON could find,
Made Spaniards humble, and e'en Dutchmen kind.
When war's fierce flames now ravag'd all around,
And Europe's laws all polish'd nations own'd,
The mercenary Dutch, by int'rest led,
The foe's troops succour'd, countenanc'd, or fed,
But taught by him, they Europe's laws revere,
And soon forget their int'rest in their fear.

A haughty Spaniard harassing his ship,
Tearing his sails at distance on the deep,
Brave BARRINGTON bears down, his tried men cheers,
And this short counsel whispers in their ears,—
" Your fire reserve, let not a gun be heard,
" 'Till near enough to singe his formal beard ;"
The humble Spaniard, sick'ning at the sight,
Retires disorder'd, and declines the fight.
Crippl'd in war, the British [s] Lion stood,
And drifting at the mercy of the flood,
Glad at th' event, a wily foe appears
To hasten near to rouse the Lion's fears,
When gallant BARRINGTON prevents the foe,
Rushes between and intercepts the blow,
Checks his false ardour, and returns his fire,
And soon compels him, chasten'd, to retire.
He often Gallia's forwardness restrain'd,
Her warriors check'd, her politicians pain'd,
And made, as victories derang'd their view,
Her traders honest, and her traitors true,
Stopp'd her swift [t] Pegasus in full career
With the bold music Britons love to hear,
When to the sound the nimblest fleets of France
With quickest movements exquisitely dance.
When HOWE brave [u] Calpe's garrison reliev'd,
And saw the wonders ELLIOTT had achiev'd,

[s] He saved the Lion man of war by exposing his own ship to danger. Vide the *Naval Chronicle*, No. 22, p. 189.

[t] *Le Pegase*, taken by Admiral BARRINGTON.

[u] At the relief of *Gibraltar*, when Lord HOWE engaged the combined fleets of *France* and *Spain*, Admiral BARRINGTON led the van of the British fleet.

Refresh'd the hero wearied with alarms,
Toils in the trench, and prodigies in arms;
And now returning, gladden'd with the tale,
For England steer'd, and spread his swelling sail;
Proud Spain, and Gaul's united squadrons join,
Condense their force, and form the hostile line,
And favour'd by the shades of night oppose
His passage slyly with a host of foes;
The fight commencing, BARRINGTON appears,
Directs the van, the crouded passage clears,
Routs the baulk'd foe, leads on the British train,
And of the hostile squadrons clears the main,
While the aw'd coasts, and all the shores around,
* Britannia's name, and BARRINGTON's resound.

Soon would the Muse, tho' eloquent her tongue,
Tho' softest music on her accents hung,
The faint ear weary, did her numbers name,
The brilliant actions that adorn'd his fame,
For, from the morning to the eve of life,
He brav'd the tempest of the martial strife,
To each offending foe the gauntlet cast,
The first to charge, and to retreat the last;
For ever active in his country's cause,
Of honour eager, careless of applause,
Where duty summon'd, or where honour call'd,
No dangers terrified, no fears appall'd;
No storms, no tempests, could his heart alarm,
No int'rest bias, and no pleasures charm;

* The name of Admiral BARRINGTON's ship in the engagement with the combined fleets.

But where his country's friend, or country's foe,
Ask'd his kind aid, or aim'd the vengeful blow,
Quick-handed BARRINGTON was e'er prepar'd
The foe to chasten, or the friend to guard,
To terminate with promptness and renown
His country's quarrels, and forget his own.
(If ever quarrels discompos'd his mind,
For so much gentleness no foe could find,)
So mild he seem'd, and so unus'd to brawls,
He knew no strifes, but at his country's calls,
Fashion'd alike to combat or to please,
In war a lion, but a lamb in peace,
His manners easy, and his conduct kind,
His words uncull'd, tho' not untaught his mind;
Tho' bold, yet gentle, lively, yet not vain,
Free without rudeness, without bluntness plain,
Few in mix'd life, his disposition such,
So little studied it, or pleas'd so much,
So void of pride, so free from all parade,
That nam'd in private circles, it is said,
Strangers would oft, who had but heard his fame,
Ask if he knew "the ADMIRAL" of the name.

In private life, superior to disguise,
The friend of Virtue, and the foe of Vice;
Sedition's terror, just Affection's pride,
The poor man's patron, and the good man's guide;
[y] The injur'd's hope, the guardian of th' oppress'd,
The weak's support, the help of the distress'd;

y He was member of several benevolent societies, and the promoter of several public spirited institutions; and by his influence and example, repressed the seditious, reclaimed the vicious, and succoured the distressed. Vide *Naval Chronicle*, No. 22.

He ne'er saw sorrow but his bosom griev'd,
Nor knew misfortune but his hand reliev'd;
The poor old sailor wand'ring and alone,
No friend to aid, no relative to own,
Ne'er bow'd to feeling BARRINGTON in vain,
Who ever felt afflicted merit's pain,
But his prompt charity, and mild advice,
While he mourn'd mis'ry, shew'd he hated vice;
E'n at the festive board, if passing by,
A mournful son of sorrow caught his eye,
The feast he quitted, while his conduct shew'd
His greatest luxury was doing good.

In active stations he, when in command,
Rul'd with an easy, but a steady hand;
Unthinking sailors' father and their friend,
Mildness the means, but discipline the end;
He with address their prejudices seiz'd,
Aw'd without strictnes, without weakness pleas'd,
So justly dealt the praise or censure due,
That they all lov'd him, and rever'd him too;
And thus he gain'd, by gentleness and care,
That pow'r that others hardly gain by fear.

His ship commission'd, and his flag display'd,
A want of seamen ne'er his voyage stay'd;
For such his character and fame in war,
All to his standard crowded from afar,
And thought their fortune and their rise secur'd
If BARRINGTON their services endur'd.

Were all like him but generously great,
No force were requsite to man the fleet,
But war-proof mariners, at Honour's call,
Vowing the foe's subjection, or his fall,
Would rush to yield their services in throngs,
To guard their country, and revenge its wrongs.

Tho' he fell ripely like the golden grain,
Mature for harvest on some fertile plain,
Still his fall sorrowful sensation moves,
As harvest's crisis saddens all the groves,
When the gay choristers, no longer gay,
No lays attune, or but some plaintive lay,
Predictive of approaching Winter's gloom,
And each fair tree's inevitable doom,
When leaf after leaf with'ring appears,
And sapless seems the verdant boast of years,
And when each plant's successive fate is plain,
And our sole hope is in their bloom again.

Mature in years thus BARRINGTON expir'd,
By all lamented, as by all admir'd;
By all esteem'd the British Navy's boast,
But now, to all that priz'd or lov'd him, lost;
Lost to the thanks his grateful country pays,
The poor man's blessing, and the brave man's praise;
Lost to the tears that silent sorrow sheds,
While near his tomb with frequent steps she treads,
And, unperceiv'd, indulges all the woe
The pensive think of, or the feeling know;

When modest Merit from the world retires,
When genius perishes, and worth expires!

The Navy long, brave BARRINGTON, shall own
Thy skill, thy valour, and thy just renown;
With fondness on thy enterprizes dwell,
Thy virtues publish, and thy triumphs tell;
And mourn thy death, but hope there yet may rise
Heroes like thee to blazon to the skies
The Fame of Britain, and secure her reign
O'er the wide empire of the liquid plain.

Thy country long shall celebrate thy praise,
Extol the promise of thy early days,
And glory in the splendor that appears
In the rich harvest of thy riper years;
Then o'er thy ashes drop the heart-felt tear,
Thy mem'ry honour, and thy name revere,
Leave it to Truth thy merits to commend,
And bid eternal Peace thy shade attend.

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